

Nova Scotia's
Sudden Switch

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 9, 1990

\$5

The Newest Centurions





Frontlines

Rock's queen at 32

Linda Ronstadt spent a good portion of her childhood stretched out on the cool cement floor of her family's house in Tucson, Arizona, a small radio gifted to her ear. All she ever wanted to do was sound like the singers on the radio and in 1964, at the age of 18, she took off for Hollywood with \$30 in her pocket. Her career had an indifferent beginning but took a dramatic turn for the better in 1974 when she asked Peter Asher, of the briefly popular British duo Peter and Dinklage, to become her producer. Together they have put out five enormously successful albums, making Ronstadt the undisputed queen of rock in the late '70s. Her latest, *Love on the U.S.A.*, a beautifully produced new, with purchase orders already guaranteeing "double-platinum" (over a million) sales.

Having led her childhood journey, Ronstadt, at the age of 32, finds herself living in a world bordering on

fantasy. The constant touring, the enormous wealth (she reportedly earned more than \$1 million one year in record royalties alone), the gossip-page associations with other celebrities—all are part of that life. She has never married and she has never completely resigned herself to her life as a rock star. She speaks with Maclean's contributing editor Philip Fishman.

Maclean's: There must be a lot of positive aspects in life at the top of the rock business.

Ronstadt: Very few. One time I was on my way home from town, and there was a movie that I wanted to go to, and I had just enough money in my wallet to get into the movie, I didn't have enough left over for popcorn. The guy at the popcorn counter asked me for an autograph if he gave me the popcorn. That's about the only advantage I've been able to think of in the last four years, you

know, in terms of being recognized by the public.

Maclean's: How do you cope as a woman in a sexually charged, male-dominated world?

Ronstadt: Oh, I do a lot of knitting. Sure it presents problems, but none that are insurmountable. You know, there are a lot of women I know in the music business that like to say, "Oh, well I just couldn't make it because, you know, the men held me back," and all this sort of female chauvinist bull. And it just seems to me that the better I got at what I did, the less trouble I had from that kind of attitude. I mean, basically musicians are musicians, they just want to play and they just want to have their music be good, you know. Sometimes people get crushed on each other, but that can be handled with a certain amount of sensitivity, you know, tact and diplomacy. I don't like musicians anyway. I don't like anybody unless they wear a suit any more. I went through musicians in my life and I wrote off actors in my teens. Eventually they're a bad investment, I think.

Maclean's: Are there strong sexual pressures on you?

Ronstadt: I'd like to find some sexual pressures. Let me tell you they're few and far between on the road. To tell you the truth, I don't talk to anybody except for the band, you know, and my road manager. First of all, there isn't time. Either we're going to where we're going to play or we're going away from where we're going to play or we're on an airplane flying to the next town or else I'm sleeping, or else I'm taking a bath. These are the choices that you have on the road. Sexual pressures? I haven't noticed any lately, much to my chagrin.

Maclean's: Do you see yourself as a commodity?

Ronstadt: Well, of course, but that's obvious, you know. I mean, I'm able I'm sure, at the age of 32 to separate who I am as a person from who I am as a commodity, you know. If you can't separate yourself from that, then you don't have a choice. In a business sense, I am thought of as a commodity, but that's right. I mean, they should think of it that way, they're trying to merchandise something specific, so that's fine. I hope they're trying to sell me.

Maclean's: How much is it all costing you in terms of your personal life?

Ronstadt: There is no way to calculate it. I mean, if there were two of me and I could have one of the two different directions maybe we could have taken a vacation, and read I have this much happiness, you know, married with chil-

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then, I have this much happiness bouncing around the world as a rock and roll singer. Who knows? I wasn't very happy when I was little. I'm sort of happy now. I'm sort of not happy now. Happiness is not a fixed state, a condition, you know. It is something that you experience now and again, and far too, every now and again, when you connect with a real good friend or fall in love for 10 minutes or whatever you do, you know, or discover a new song that I love to sing and am successful at bringing it off in exactly the attitude and the style I was expecting it in the way that I want to interpret it, that makes me happy for a while.

Mailman's: Do you feel any responsibility to support a particular political party?

Rosenthal: Absolutely none. I think it would distract from what I'm trying to do. I can remember, after finding out that John Wayne was a right winger, going to one of his movies and saying, "He's a right winger, wow." I mean, who cares?

Mailman's: But you do obviously have very strong political beliefs.

Rosenthal: I don't have any political beliefs. I have none. Some of my political ideas are incredibly conservative. Some of them are probably incredibly liberal, but I have no real convictions.

Mailman's: What are solid issues in your life at this point?

Rosenthal: I don't really have any long-range goals. I try to improve the quality of my work and I try to improve the quality of craftsmanship in my music. I've sort of been thinking that maybe I'd get another job someday, but it gives me the kicks now when I thought about it, so then I stopped thinking about it.

Mailman's: What sort of job?

Rosenthal: I don't know. That was, well, why I got the blues. I think, because I don't know how to do anything else, I never even learned how to add. I can sing and read. Those are the two things I know how to do. I'm sort of good at anything, but not great. But I don't suppose I'd want... I mean, I don't really like to perform very much, so... and also, you can't do it forever, you know. I mean, you just can't just be going on the road forever. It's just too hard on you physically. For me, I think. And we're so boring.

Mailman's: Is it very hard to have emotional stability with somebody else in the world you live in?

Rosenthal: It must be very hard, because I've never managed it yet. But I don't know how much I've actually tried, you know. I haven't given it a lot of thought lately.

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Carr's art: poverty's scars are showing

Poor old Emily Carr. She was shortchanged during her life, when her art rarely earned her much more than \$1,000 a year, and now, 38 years after her death, she's being shortchanged again. Doris Shadobit, former associate director of the Vancouver Art Gallery, calls her "the strongest, best, most mind woman artist Canada has ever produced," but while her reputation burns brighter, her paintings grow dimmer. Vancouver Art Gallery's Emily Carr Collection (assured at \$55 million) is deteriorating seriously—and nobody is coming forward with the \$100,000 to restore it.

The collection includes 172 pieces in which the lady with the jet monkey apand Woo captured the raw spirit of the West Coast in sweeping lines and primary colors. But 107 of them—drawings, watercolors, and oils dating back to 1905—are showing their age with fading colors, flaking oil paint, warped backings and crumbling paper. The main problem is that Carr was often so poor that she had to resort to cheap, inferior materials: she used oils on paper, gasoline for paint thinner, and mounted her work on newspaper board. In turn-of-the-century Victoria, Carr shied out a living running a boarding house, serving British shipwrecks and looking rags. "In 1922," says Shadobit, "she was selling oil on paper sketches for \$15 or \$20 that are now selling for \$20,000 to \$30,000."

Emily Carr asked her work to the people of B.C., who have not returned the favor. Neither the city nor the B.C. government has so far come to the aid of the gallery, which has a restoration fund of only \$4,000. Through its own efforts, the gallery has raised \$2,000 from donations, T-shirt sales and a "Carr's Wash," which a gallery spokesman called "an open invitation to the city to express its interest in this collection." The staffers buffed up 115 cars, "but so one from city council showed up," Carr's Cooking.



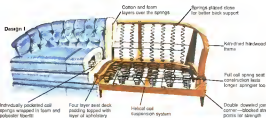
Emily Carr: The spirit is undimmed in oils such as "The Shipwrecked Sailor" (left, 1917) but 107 paintings Carr's (in lower Skagitia) watercolor, right) have been neglected



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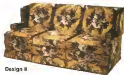
There are very few sofas on the market that compare to Benchmade. Check the diagrams above and see why Benchmade sofas are worthy of Sears Best labeling.

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Suddenly this summer

Archie van Herk has had *Boley* Wiebe's creative writing classes near tears, but over years of seminars van Herk became convinced that Wiebe is Canada's best novelist. Consider her dilemma, then, when Wiebe recommended that she not enter McClelland and Stewart's Best Book's first-novel contest. Despite her hero worship of Wiebe, van Herk agreed his advice. Luckily, because the 24-year-old graduate student at the University of Alberta wrote the \$50,000 winner with her novel *Jadith* and took home \$50,000 (a \$10,000 prize, \$40,000 in nonreturnable advance royalties) the world's largest literary prize outside of the Nobel. And no one is more pleased than Wiebe, whose novel, *The Tapes of Big Bear*, was the largely honorary Governor-General's award in 1973. "I thought her novel was far too good for the contest," Wiebe confesses. "With that much money offered, I expected them to pick an obvious commercial success, an Arthur Hailey-type book."

Van Herk has confidence enough for the two of them. "I know it sounds ego-

istical but I'm good at what I do. Ever since I was a child I wanted to be a writer and when I finally had recognition, deep down somewhere I was not all that surprised I can handle it." The first thing van Herk had to handle was the trained snore of reading a prize-winning novel in Montreal to endorse the world's largest contest, she notes matter-of-factly that the publicity stunt, without coverage in 80 Canadian newspapers. That's being followed by a promotion tour according with next month's publication of *Jadith* (A paperback under the Best Book imprint follows in a year). "I don't complain if they want to publicize me," van Herk shrugs. "Jack McClelland [president of McClelland and Stewart] is right: a new book should be a major news event."

There's not much that fuses van Herk. Certainly not the envious fives of fellow students facing public features of their own, nor the put-downs by her editors who've told her that 24 is too young to reap such rewards. But van Herk's self-assurance follows slightly at the thought of the reviews to come. "I know everybody is going to say, 'So this is the

Van Herk: the timing was perfect, and, honestly, for a very good first novel."

\$50,000 novel? They're going to expect *Martinet*, Laurence's fourth novel. Well, it's not a fourth novel. It's a very good first novel but it is still a first novel!"

To cram it into the times of waterfalls, the \$50,000 novel is about a young woman—*Jadith*—coming to terms with her past. *Jadith* was raised on a farm, abandoned (and her father) for the city and here, in turn, abandoned urban life (and a man) for pig farming again. The technique is interesting: slapping the bags now causes *Jadith* to revert back to her childhood and/or to her recently abandoned city ways. Eventually, the fragments come together in a whole, new *Jadith*. Along the way, readers discover everything they ever wanted to know, and more, about raising pigs. Van Herk intends they should. "I wanted to show pigs as more than dirty, messy animals that roll around in the mud. It's a reworking of the Cane myth but, in my book, the pigs become magical, respected animals."

The bags are the only autobiographical note in the novel, says its author. Van Herk was born and raised in Edberg, a hamlet near Edmonton, where her Dutch immigrant parents raised bags and gradded five children through adversity. Even as a child, van Herk never lived into Edberg's narrow boundaries, her six years in a student and her ambition to write, baffled and embarrassed her hard-working, practical-minded parents. Their attitude changed abruptly when she won \$50,000, says van Herk, not casually. "Writing suddenly became respectable then." She began as a poet, switched to prose under Wiebe's guidance and wrote *Jadith* as a novelist. Started four years ago, the novel was rewritten twice last summer while she worked on a crap cook in the Yukon wilderness.

Van Herk, like the farmer who won the newspaper, plans simply to go on writing until the money is all gone. "If you're a writer, you don't stop, you can't stop. You have to put yourself on the line." Her current project is a series of inter-related short stories. Her one encouragement has been a gift to her "very supportive" geologist husband, Bob Herk, 36. Their 30-year-old son had reached the point where it would only make sense if called it down the parking ramp. Van Herk used it as far as the local Porsche dealer—where it utterly collapsed—and brought home a green-colored, \$11,000 sports car.

Sharon Zwerus



Toronto—the inside story

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Ontario Canada

Chez moi, chez moi on the range

Cent-Tite will be the Calgary of the East." So declared Jean-Pierre Joliet, proud local member of

the Quebec National Assembly as he announced the quadrupling of provincial support for what may well be Canada's most eclectic cultural event. Each September the remote Lacvestre village is trampled in the crush of thousands of straggled Québécois, hell-bent for good times at the *Festival Western*.

So this year, with its \$185,000 boost from the Parti Québécois government, the 11th edition of the festival ended with the biggest rodeo east of the Stump. For more than a week rue Notre-



PHOTO BY MICHAEL

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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL

Walking and Hiking

discomfort that you should be conscious of your effort. Your breathing should be deep and regular.

Your Pack

Your walking ambitions will determine the size and type of pack you need. Any good pack is light but strongly constructed, and should keep contents dry. For additional protection, cover it with a rain cover.

Don't buy a super-padded, multi-pocketed messenger pack if you're planning a few day trips carrying a couple of personal items and no more.

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Real growth West in St. Alb. If we all dress up, maybe we can have consideration

Dave looked like Man Street, Dodge City. Hundreds of square meters dotted the pavement, towering houses packed up-picks on their hips, the church overblown to the electric guitar whine of a Western-style midnight mass.

Saint-Tite, home of Canada's only major cowboy boot maker (G. A. Borden, Ltd.), may or may not make it as Quebec's Calgary. But it has already established itself as a special moment in the province's unique capacity for assimilating the cultural richness of the rest of the continent. The results, especially in the arts, are often happy hybrids. Sometimes, as with the musicians of the *Festival Western*, they're almost enough to make Cultural Development Minister Camille Lévesque choke as his maple syrup.

David Thomas

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Drambuie Mix
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brim with crushed
ice. Pour in
Drambuie and the
golden colour
nearly touches rim
of glass. Add about
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24 million cans of beer on the wall

British Columbia's beer drinkers, after surviving a summer-long drought caused by an unseasonable winter lockout in the province's brewing industry, are now experiencing the reverse: a mild monsoon. The B.C. ministry of consumer and corporate affairs issued a directive saying that until B.C. drowns 24 million cans and bottles of Rainier, Olympia and Billy Beer—the



remnant of some nine million cases of American beer that flowed across the border during the strike—they would drastically cut back on deliveries of Canadian beer. Malton's quickly responded by shutting down bottled beer production altogether, and the whole brewing industry, geared up for full production, had to lay off some 200 workers.

John Usher, spokesman for the province's liquor distribution branch, says normal distribution should be restored to government liquor stores this month. But in the meantime, some beer drinkers are defecting. When Victoria radio station CFAX conducted a poll of its listeners, 56 per cent said they now preferred Yankee made over their old Canadian labels. In the previous days, American brands represented only three per cent of B.C. sales. What a spectacle "Hockey Night in Canada, brought to you by—Budweiser."

Thomas Hopkins



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There are, according to Steve Hollenbeck, more than 100 "Happy Hookers" in North America alone. Hollenbeck knows that because his dual passions, for Cohen's Band ride and drink, have led him to compile a record of the names, addresses, thumbnails and "handles" (as in "Happy Hooker") of more than six million (6) enthusiasts around the world. There it sits in the Calgary truck driver's



Hollenbeck: the Complex Offer

home, all 216 tons of it, a handwritten file that looks more than nine feet high when it's stacked on end. After an investment of 30 years' labor, several thousand dollars, 4,000 half-pint pens, and to mention a driving job-surefire to his devotees, to the project, what does Hollenbeck plan to do with his list? Printed in directory form it would be available to musicians, he insists. A then an emergency key where, even the Soviet Union, could flip through its pages to find help nearby. Though he's still getting new listings at a rate of over 100 a day, garnered from his contacts with his clubs, Hollenbeck feels his opus is ready for the printer. Any printer it's guaranteed that in its published form it would be small and light enough to travel in the cab of a truck (or any roomplace, but there's still a hitch. It seems that such a massive directory would cost more than \$2 million to print, and publishers are not exactly lining up for the privilege. Meanwhile, Cohen who want to consult the list will have to go directly to Hollenbeck, he answers to the handle "Unhappy Hooker".

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Closing in on Tony the Ant

Since the early '70s, the New York Mafia families and the so-called "Chicago Outfit" have shared Las Vegas and its crime profits. In 1978, Anthony Spilotro, who had been working as a very busy hit man in Chicago, was reported to underground boss Al the tony. It is believed that last year alone Spilotro and his organization "skipped" \$1 million from slot machines, and now a grand jury is investigating allegations that through bribes and complex business contracts, the Spilotro connection has acquired 24 per cent of the Aladdin Casino.

The state of Nevada—pushed by the federal government—is cracking down on the Mafia and its role in the multi-billion-dollar legal gambling industry centered in Las Vegas. And that's what turned the grand jury's attention to the five-foot, four-inch gangster known in the underworld of his men as "Tony the Ant."



Anthony Spilotro, aka king of Vegas: he doesn't get around much any more

In one of his many trials—at 39, Spilotro has been arrested a dozen times and convicted only once—he was convicted of murdering a suspected informer with an ice pick. "You don't never, not never, sleep on 'The Ant,' another informer is reported to have told the FBI. Said an officer on Chicago's anti-Mafia squad: "Spilotro has the technique of an assassin, but he's really more of an animal. He is one of the most dangerous men in America."

Jeffrey Silver, a member of the Nevada Gaming Control Board, told Maclean's that he and his colleagues are looking a thick file on Tony the Ant, which they expect to present during a public hearing in the next few weeks. Spilotro will face murder charges that he is head of the Mafia in Las Vegas. If The Ant can't wiggle out of this one, his name goes into The Black Book, a list of people barred from even entering a casino.

Said Mr. Silver: "I have never personally met Spilotro. He is very definitely not a man around town. You see, whenever he goes he generates so much heat that it's cool but business."

William Lowther

You've wasted enough vacations.



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1975



1976



1977



1978

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Here rings the ancient echo of Victoria and her Empire. Here, rests the birthplace of Buddha. And the rebirth of

the world's largest democracy.

There are no words to describe it. There is only a name: India.

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Chess masters: fine minds in overdrive

As a spectator sport, a chess tournament makes lawn bowling look hectic. Someone moves a pawn. Twenty minutes pass. It is boring. Ah, but the people who play chess are a different matter. From Paul Morphy, the great 19th-century player who died in his bathbath surrounded by women's shoes, down to the allegations of hypnosis and "thought moves" surrounding this



year's Philippine match between challenger Viktor Korchnoi and champion Anatoly Karpov, the history of the game abounds with tales of eccentricity and egomaniacal behavior on the lanes.

The first official world champion, who held the title from 1886 to 1894, was a totally disengaged little man named Wilhelm Steinitz. He suffered nervous attacks for most of his life, and when he finally lost the chess championship, chess took on a psychotic tinge. His secretary often found him waiting for an answer on an invisible telephone. As well, he was under the impression that he could emit electrical sparks, and thus move the chess pieces at will. Once, convinced that he was in electrical communication with God, he challenged Him to a game, offering God the advantage of a piece and one extra move. Steinitz died in 1900, definitely, without revealing the outcome.

Perhaps the most outrageous character among world chess champions was a

young Russian, Alexander Alekhine, who held the title for a total of 17 years. In 1906, at the age of 16, Alekhine was a chess master, but the Russian Revolution interrupted his career. After he escaped from Russia by marrying and then deserting a young foreign woman, Alekhine wandered from country to country. On a journey to Warsaw, he was stopped at the Polish border for having no papers. "I am Alekhine, chess champion of the world," he declared. "I have a civil named Chess. I do not need papers."

Alekhine lived for chess, as his last wife learned when her husband brought the chessboard to bed with him. Socially he was a monster. He drank heavily and turned up drunk for tournaments, once he was discovered lying drunk in a field when he should have been at the board. Chess patrons learned never to invite



him to their homes, and he was known to steal money and, if possible, their wives.

After Alekhine's death, there was a curious lull during which several titleholders belated themselves. Then in Iceland in 1972, Bobby Fischer emerged as world chess champion, and with his childish behavior and outrageous demands for prize money, things were back to normal.

As a young boy, Fischer liked to walk around the parks of New York. When he saw old men poring over chess tables, he would move in and "crash them." By the



age of 15 he had won the United States Championship and become grand master.

Fischer made an attempt to conceal his extraordinary achievements. He referred to "smash." He shouted "Smash," "Crunch," "Bam," as he re-played games on his pocket-size chess set, and relished memories of the slaughter. "I like to see their ego crumble," he has said.

Besides being aggressive, Fischer had another curious neurotic trait common to many chess players—an obsession with clothing. In his case, it stemmed from a feeling that people weren't paying him enough respect, so he began to wear only custom-made suits, shirts and shoes. His Soviet opponent, Boris Spassky, once played a tournament in a large sombrero and dark goggles. (Other players have had more serious problems with clothing. Morphy suffered paranoiac delusions that one of his close friends was trying to destroy his clothes. Mexican master Carlos Torre, once a top contender for the world championship, tossed all of his clothes on a Fifth Avenue bus. After hospitalization, he returned to Montevideo, and chess obscurity.)

The early retirement in 1974 of Bobby Fischer (who was resisted by the amount of money offered to him to defend his title) allowed challenger Anatoly Karpov to assume the world title, and returned the chess crown to the Soviets, the traditional titleholders. And as this year's championship passed the usual mix of accusations of cheating and the occasional appearance in the playing hall of Korchnoi's authoritarian spiritual adviser were simply in a few old chess traditions. —Glen Wurser



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Letters

The land that time forgot

I must be a sharp-tongued editor for I dare to bad-mouth the *Daughters' Trust* after reading your article, *If You Can't Visit the Mother's Past, At Wit Visit You* (Aug. 21). Never having seen it, I resist criticism its displays, but I can criticize the fact that it will never be discovered in Newfoundland. The "spirit of Canadians" may well be preserved on the mainland but it has failed to reach our shores. It is truly wonder, since the past seems to be far wiser than we think.

FRANCIS W. MAJOR, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Money roars its ugly head

While reading your interview with Eric Jong (Aug. 21) I had to glance at the cover again to see if I had picked up *Playboy* instead of *Madison's*. Giving further exposure to the sexual sensibility that is gripping the media and killing young minds with the idea that human relationships are based on perverse sexual urges can do nothing but further destroy the basis of civilization: the family. It is sad that authors, novelists, etc., will trade their morals and their souls for the slightly dollar.

LOUISE LADOWSKI, EDMONTON

In her interview with *Madison's*, Eric Jong says: "I was going to say it's the



Jong, taking dirty and influencing people

strangest things that women are afraid to say." What Jong fails to know is that women (and men) of sexual sensitivity and decent good breeding do not broadcast their sexual fantasies or desires, not because they are afraid to do so, but because such intimate disclosures strip man-woman relationships of

a cultural refinement, a preciousness. These disclosures are also a conventional bore.

ALICE CARLSON, STRATFORD, Ont.

In order of importance

In the article, *All the President's Dogs* (Aug. 21), William Lowther is beating around the bush. I feel he doesn't describe the real political faults of Car-

ter's administration, but rather illustrates "the boys'" irrelevant habits. The detail is fantastic, but in the wrong place.

DOROTHY BARTON, BARCELON, B.C.

Rolling Blunder

Your notes on Bob Dylan's and Bruce Springsteen's latest albums in *Par the Accord* (Aug. 21) have brought this

So you ask for Russian Vodka
and somebody
pours you domestic vodka
with a Russian name.

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reader to the brink of tears. Your reviewer would have us believe Dylan to be the old master, returned to us as in the halcyon days of Nashville Skyline, whereas Springsteen is some sort of resented Junior Don. I feel Rob Dylan's record is nothing more or less than a somewhat sadly sincere effort toward making lots of money without really having to try. Springsteen's effort is an attempt at uncompromising honesty. He has dared to sing his naked truth in a fashion that is musically unparalleled on these ballad discs days.

MARK HAMM VANCOUVER

Hell no, he won't go

While I respected Barbara Amiel's constructive criticism of the excesses of cultural nationalism, I felt that she was overplaying the role of devil's advocate in her column on the arts in Canada, *These Foreigners Ought to Thank Us for Helping Them Enjoy Their Art* (Aug. 21). The facts are quite obvious, and it is time some action is taken. For too long we have been led to believe, mainly by the giant propaganda machine south of the border, that we are strictly backslaps. We spend so much

time falling over each other being nice guys that we fail to see the reality of the situation. Canadian artists' organizations are telling us in no uncertain terms that the arts in Canada are indeed a natural resource vital to the economy and spirit of the nation. I am tired of people who ingratiate themselves with the proponents of cultural genocide because they see us as a foreign confusion.

L. FORBANE WINNIPEG

Mrs. Dick? Is Moby home?

Robert Plaskin's piece, *A Problem of Mammoth Proportions* (Aug. 21), as damage by whales in Newfoundland fisheries' nets and gear will illustrate the gulf between the grim reality of making a living from the sea and the stagy dreams of Greenpeace. We are eagerly awaiting their practical solution to the problem. No doubt they will try to blame our fishermen for daring to set their traps where whales want to gambol. Curses have been made by environmentalists that they can communicate with whales. Now is their chance to prove it. Let them get on the blower presto and communicate like crazy to

let the whales know fishermen's gear is out of bounds. If the whales don't get the message and more cod traps are destroyed there will be more whales for the killing around our shores.

A. R. SCAMMELLA, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Fertility rights

Your article, *Index of a Certain Age* (Aug. 11), on older women and younger men was incredible. First you categorized women of 35 as "older," and then you go on to make the statement that one thing older women "cannot do is have children." I wonder how many women in their late 40s and early 50s still struggling with birth control, wish it were so.

S. CHARTWORTH, CHANDLER, B.C.

A quick whistle

I was very disappointed to discover your short article on the Commonwealth Games, *All the Fine Young People* (Aug. 21). I was looking forward to reading a longer, more in-depth article about the athletes and an evaluation of the facilities.

JOHN MCCULLAN, GLANBOROUGH, ONT.

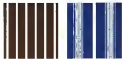


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A fast right turn down East

Just 40 seconds after the polls closed, the CBC aired the news that was to become the picture for the night: Prime Minister Peter Nicholson, as almost believed figure in Nova Scotia politics since 1956—and Liberal Premier Gerald Regan's right-hand man—was trading Greg Kerr, a 30-year-old Conservative schoolteacher by seven votes to one. It took a mere 61 minutes for the CBC to announce there would be a Conservative majority government. Regan's eight-year-old Liberal administration had been thoroughly soundly by John Buchanan's Tories.

Despite the wave of anti-government sentiment manifested in every provincial election in the last three years, the outcome in Nova Scotia last week was unexpected. Buchanan himself admitted that the best he had hoped for was 27 seats in the expanded 58-member House of Assembly. As it was, the Tories took 32, a gain of 19. Regan's Liberals, who held 35 seats in the former 44-member house, staggered in with 17, losing eight cabinet ministers, including Nicholson. Regan held his Halifax North constituency by just 114 votes (The New Democratic, under ex-minister William Jerry Allan, took 30, rise to four seats from three.)

After eight years in opposition, the Conservatives are returning to office with a fresh crew. Only 16 of their stars have served in the house before and

only Buchanan himself has held cabinet rank. This will probably mean that the new premier will start with a relatively small cabinet of about 10 or 11 and then expand it as the new men establish themselves (one of the 11 women contesting the election won). Regan had as many as 19 in his cabinet.

For the 61-year-old Buchanan, it was the end of a long, frequently frustrating quest for the premiership. As recently as two years ago he had to best back a challenge to his leadership, and although he now heads a united party, there is still some dissenting who like him but don't find him impressive. The future of Gerald Regan, 48, is less certain. It will depend, as he said election night, on "my family, the Liberal party and the Liberal caucus." He'll guide the party through at least one more session of the house before making up his mind whether to try to hang on to the leadership. He has often said he'd love to lead the Liberals in opposition.

Senior Liberals in Ottawa like Nova Scotia Senator Al Graham, president of the Liberal party, and Allan Rock, the senior minister from Nova Scotia, were admitting privately last week that a significant anti-Trudeau, anti-federal Liberal feeling contributed to Regan's loss. That feeling was reflected



Buchanan maintaining order victory better than the Pink Panther's message

The fruits of stubbornness

At 7 in the morning after his party's victory, John Buchanan and his wife Helen stood on a public street in the heart of Halifax's business district and gleefully waved to the thrush of drivers. Buchanan wore his customary dark suit. Helen wore a pink. Together they held high a sign which read simply: "Thank you Nova Scotia's new Conservative premier." The sign read both pious and symbolic. The vote had ended the capital only played a major part in the political upset which turned Liberal into Tory territory for the first time in eight years. Always at his best as a cam-

pagion on the streets, Buchanan was reluctant to give interviews.

Party leaders through seven years of official opposition. Buchanan never distinguished himself as a brilliant public speaker, and even during this first campaign he proved in comparison with the party and the opposition. With his party opponents slipping steadily through two successive elections, Buchanan endured the media's conviction he was on the way out. But Buchanan, the lord of guy who regularly plays in the legislature's hockey league even though he isn't very good, played away all that election and this time stubbornness paid off.

A native of Sydney, Cape Breton, he worked at the steel plant there before going on to law at Dalhousie University. He belongs to a three-partner law firm con-

sulting in an emphasis, and business law. It isn't dealing with voters. Buchanan doesn't dance them either. During this campaign, he unsuccessfully tried to make the economy an issue—this coming to 1.1 per cent. Trudeau is court for the party's interest in a discount rate to force money in the recent fall to Canada.

While reputed to be moderately wealthy, many voters believe otherwise—including ownership in two hotels—Buchanan and his wife have remained for 15 years in the same modest house in a middle class suburban area home of the old Atlantic province. He is a man who is not known for his wealth. But decided to keep them to see a Peter Sellers movie, he decided to keep them to catch before the campaign started—Ringside of the Pink Panther.

slided, particularly among women voters, in mid-campaign when Ottawa cut back on family allowances. Small wonder federal Liberals, especially students in institutions next month, are jumpy.

Meanwhile Prime Minister Trudeau was noting the string of premiers who have been knocked off since his own re-election in 1974 (in British Columbia, Manitoba, Quebec and, now, Nova Scotia). Asked, "Does it make you nervous?" Trudeau replied, "I'm not a provincial premier, you see."

In sum, federal Liberals attempted vainly to play down the national significance of Regan's defeat. But the message was inescapable—and brutal.

Barry Flemming

The Realm

The mail must not get through

We're fighting the wrong war," argued a senior post office official on the eve of the national strike by the Letter Carriers' Union of Canada, which represents the mailmen and other delivery personnel. For months the government has been pined to cap the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, the militant union for the mail carriers and other male workers at the beleaguered post office. After a decade of seemingly tasteless bargaining with the union, the government was determined to lay down a take-it-or-leave-it offer and, if, as everyone expected, the union called a strike in response, legislation would end it. The government had even prepared for the possibility of a strike during a general election—when there would be no Parliament to legislate—by rushing through a bill outlawing such action in advance.

The strikers were not included in the bill because no one expected them to strike. Since they broke their alliance with the inside workers in 1973, the carriers have settled two contracts without strike action and have been praised by the government for their moderate, responsible approach. With the unions, in contrast, the government has already endured a 60-day national strike before settling a contract and has been talking around a second settlement for the last 18 months with no discernible progress. At last count there were 381 classes in dispute in the new inside contract with the post office and a strike seemed certain this fall.

The mailmen threw the government another curve by conducting a series of regional strikes instead of shutting

down the whole post office. They hoped the government would not be able to justify back-to-work legislation without a complete shutdown and, initially, their strategy worked as subsequent rounds of fruitless bargaining confirmed. The government opted instead for continued negotiations with the union. Postmaster General Gillies Lamontagne intervened in the talks, apparently to no avail. Still letter carrier president Bob McGarry after a three-hour session with Lamontagne. "He tells me we would like to have a settlement but he doesn't have any money."

The post office and the carriers are not far apart. Unlike the inside workers, who feel the brunt of automation at the post office and want protection from technological changes in their contract, the carriers' only concern is money. The average member now makes \$7.12 an hour and the union wants a raise to \$8.01 over the next 18 months. The post office is offering \$7.02. The difference, 99 cents an hour, would cost the post office about \$1 million a year. That is peanuts compared to the hundreds of millions of dollars supporting the government from the inside workers, not to mention the electoral gift. The union, for example, is asking that May Day, the traditional day of celebration for Marxists and socialists, be made a holiday for its members.

The post office is caught in a vise between the union and treasury board, Ottawa's watchdog over spending. Banned by the Proposition 13 mood in the country, treasury board is sticking down on civil service wages as part of its program of restraint. The board has the solid backing of Prime Minister Trudeau who, along with the 18 provincial

premiers, pledged last February that civil service pay would "not lead the private sector." Trudeau and the premiers don't want a replay of 1974, when wages in the public sector helped spread some of the private sector and provincial comprehensive wage-price controls.

The post office is the first big test of the government's will. The offer made to the union was set to be an increase of approximately 6.5 per cent in pay in the first year of the contract—about equal to increases being awarded in the private sector. The union's demand amounts to about 8.5 per cent, still less than the rate of inflation in the past year. The government's desire to set an example of restraint is colliding with the union's attempt to maintain the real income of its members.

In addition is comprehensive legisla-

Carlyle realises Tom Mercer on rounds in 19 cents an hour worth the fare?



SHUTTING DOWN THE POST OFFICE COULD BE A WIN FOR THE UNION!

who would restrict the rights of civil servants and other public-sector workers to bargain collectively, governments have been much more willing to consider specific laws to end strikes by workers in "essential" services. Warned Tradition a week before the postal strike: "Consumers have rights, too. That's where the government, the Parliament, comes in, and at some point the strike will be ended by legislation." Enticed by Trudeau, was every politician's nightmare that one day a union will defy a back-to-work order by Parliament and remain on strike. Says Bill Prindley, executive vice-president of the carriers union: "We have a law now that gives us the right to strike if they take it away with another law, it might take us a long while to decide which is the right law."

Ian Urquhart

Saskatchewan

Socialism's day of reckoning

When he announced on Oct. 18 election for Saskatchewan last week, 37th Premier Allan Rockwell predicted the Conservatives would make it a "rough and nasty campaign." But the very next day the New Democrats saw newspaper ads throughout the province telling voters the Tories would "take the risk" and give away massive wealth to "promoters and profiteers." One NDP member harshly branded Tory leader Dick Colver "the Richard Nixon of the Prairies."

The obvious personal interests of the small, inheritable Bakeney were easy to understand. For the first time since he defeated Liberal premier Ross Thatcher seven years ago, 55-year-old Bakeney risks losing the NDP mantle he has worn so confidently for so long. Bakeney has watched a rampant conservatism topple incumbent governments from one end of the country to the other. With the defeat last fall of the neighbouring NDP government in Manitoba, Bakeney is now perfectly clinging to what he calls "the last prospect of the government in the country."

To make things worse for him, all the signs of voter polarisation are already visible. Even though the Liberals are the official Opposition, it is the free-enterprising Tories that Bakeney is really fighting. Colver, a wealthy 42-year-old business consultant, took over the party five years ago when it wasn't even represented in the legislature. In 1971, through sheer fast-paced campaigning, Colver helped the party win seven seats, later picking up two in by-



Walking off to call elections, who can wage the roughest and nastiest campaign?

elections and two more when MLAs defected from the Liberals.

Colver's rise was helped by the steady decline of the Liberals, who under 43-year-old lawyer Ted Malpas are now equal in strength with the Tories in the legislature — each with 11 seats to the NDP's 39. Several Liberals are not even bothering to run again, and at the time of the election call the party had nominated only 10 people for the 62 seats up for grabs compared to about 80 nominations for the other parties.

Even in a province as rich as Saskatchewan, with the lowest unemployment in the country, a hurting harvest, and revenue from taxes on resources now at \$400 million a year, the bag game in the election is who will be the most careful in choosing how the money is spent. After taking over half the potash industry at a cost of \$600 million, the state's Crown corporation made a profit of just \$19.4 million last year. That, says Colver, is simply not enough. Bakeney could have done better by just banking the money in the credit union.

For Bakeney, a pragmatic idealist rather than a charismatic leader, the

fight means a lot more than simply continuing a respected career in politics. The man who saved Saskatchewan from the nuclear crisis as health minister under Tommy Douglas severely wants to go down in history as the man who led the last useful democratic government in Canada to defeat in the very province where the movement started 40 years ago. **Bob Walker**

Ontario

In union there is risk

Water came unseasonably early in Sudbury last week, but the chilly grey skies were the perfect backdrop for what were unmistakably preparations for a fight. Two old enemies—the giant nickel producer Inco and its 11,700 scattered workers—were hunkering down for what may be a long, bitter and ultimately bloody strike. Photos capturing the 10 moving and plant sites huddled around machines. The area were there to keep anyone from getting in or out, but then-hired helicopters turned over their heads and delivered personnel workers behind the lines for five days at a stretch to protect the massive equipment. The union, Local 6599 of the United Steelworkers of America, was busily organizing wholesale food distribution for the pickets. Credit union officers told workers to hold off on mortgage payments. "This isn't just a battle between this union and the company," said Local Vice-President Ronald Wiedensold. "This is a battle for survival of the community."

Unfortunately for the workers, the union stand merely plays into the hands

of Inco's corporate strategists. Right from the start of negotiations last April, Inco made it clear it had no money to pay the multinational giant which once bullishly begged the world nickel market. It now faltering, overwhelmed with debt, with no place to sell its growing inventory while prices keep steadily dropping (to about \$1.75 from \$2.40 per pound last year). Last fall, the company "retired" 1,200 jobs in Sudbury, then shut down operations for six weeks this summer. Only last-minute strong-arming by Ontario Premier William Davis forced the company to offer any wage increase at all. With improved benefits, the one-year contract would represent a six-per-cent rise and would cost Inco \$45 million—all of which would have to be borrowed. "We reluctantly accepted the government proposal," admitted Inco Vice-President William Carroll. "But we were getting such pressure—we had to do something to show our good faith."

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL



Inco VP Werner Woelke explains 4 under-lease (top), company helicopter and three-pickup (above), and Inco's Steele family (left) since Bakeney has closed

The decision to strike—described even by former Ontario NDP leader Stephen Leves as "madness"—gives the company a chance to sell off its expensive stockpile while earning \$4.5 million in weekly wages, but the union felt it had little choice. It saw company attempts to alter longstanding grievance and overtime procedures as more pro-union tactics. Said Ontario district union representative Maurice Keck: "They have decided to go on strike. They have nothing to lose."

However pitiable the workers' anger, at work's end there were already signs of nervousness and division in the ranks. Inco supervisors' wives, whose husbands were working inside the

plants, attracted threatening telephone calls and there were promises that "heads will be bashed" if Inco even tries to get an injunction against picketers ("When you start off a strike like that, you know the union guys are as mad as hell," said one union member). A photograph of Stewart Cooke, the Ontario union district director who publicly advised against the strike, has been pointedly removed from the local union hall but older members continue to complain openly that the bargaining unit is too young and inexperienced. The worst blow came when the 250 nickel refinery workers at Port Colborne—an older group—accepted the company offer. Complained 30-year-old steward Jim Kent: "Everybody has turned against us."

What makes the situation doubly gloomy is that the workers are in fact fighting the inevitable decline of Sudbury as the nickel basin of the world. Since 1971 Inco has reduced its produc-



tion and lost from \$8,700 to present levels and long-term projections call for a fall of 4,000. With competition from Inco's own mines in Guatemala and Indonesia, and the prospect of further amounts of nickel from sea-bed mining, the workers want a hedge against a dim future. For Sudbury, which already has 10-6 per-cent unemployment, the sight of 1,000 people lining up in front of the Bakeney office looking for an equivalent job was not simply reinforcement of the bitter stories of 1958 and 1969. There, at least, Sudbury could hope for an economic rebound. For older miners like Martin Skene, an iron electrician for 23 years who has been elected in favour for the long strike ahead, it's hard to imagine that things won't get better once again. "We've always gone ahead," he says with assurance. "We just can't go back now."

Angela Ferrante

Law and order on the march

By Michael Posner

They buried Harry Swenden with honor last week. They placed his cap upon a Canadian flag, which lay across his coffin, and from the crowded pews of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in suburban Toronto they sang him to rest, proudly measuring the

after a national gathering of police chiefs had urged a federal referendum on the death penalty and only days after Justice Minister Otto Leang and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau—once regarded as firm abolitionists—had themselves cussed out loud about just such a possibility.



Colleagues at funeral of slain cop Harry Standish (above) and grieving mourners (left) measuring the measure of his death.

meaning of his death. Afterward, in a solemn procession, they marched—1,100 policemen, at least, their shoes bright with polish, their hands gloved in white—through the very streets Constable Swedden had patrolled and not far from where he had been shot, with his own gun, while trying to break up a domestic disturbance.

At 22, fit and industrious, Harry Snadden had outperformed a long career in his chosen profession and, for his family and friends, his death had the awesome abruptness of random fate. But police forces everywhere viewed it as one more justification for their campaign to restore capital punishment. In fact, Snadden died less than two weeks

Ottawa's apparent turnaround on the issue may have stunned party loyalists, but it plainly tickled the police. "Thank God," sighed Al Evelyn, president of Toronto's 5,300-member police association. "Let's have a referendum. There's no doubt in my mind that the majority wants capital punishment."

There is no doubt, either, that as the hanging question—as on many others—Canada's cops have become increasingly outspoken. "We've had to," explains Halifax policeman Joe Bass, the militantly pro-hanging vice-president of the Canadian Police Association. "There's not a week goes by that police aren't shot at. We have to be more political—for our own protection."

And so they are. From St. Jean's to Surrey, the nation's 65,000 policemen are making themselves heard as never before. Frequent conclaves, media blitzes and the long parade of appearances before legislative committees have given this country's most visible minority a new and sometimes disturbing dimension. The newest convictions are not only peace officers, but lobbyists, influential shapers of opinion.

"Those who would enforce the law are now trying to determine how the laws should be made," warns Toronto lawyer Harold Levy. "That concerns me. Every time the Criminal Lawyers Association goes to Ottawa to present a brief, the police chiefs have been there before us. This is not public relations and this is not education. It's very close to intimidation."

Whatever it is, the police show little inclination to stop. Joe Ross's 600-member Police Association of Nova Scotia hopes to make capital punishment the major issue in next spring's federal election. Its Ontario counterpart has set a \$100,000 fund-raise target in one

raise the police viewpoint—one shared by 66 per cent of all Canadians, according to last April's Gallup poll. Says Toronto Police Superintendent Frank Barbetta (see box): "I think the death penalty is a deterrent and I think it's a fit punishment, not just for the murder of police officers and prison guards—that was never our contention—but for all serious violent murder."

The new tempo of police politics does not stop with capital punishment. At almost every level, Canadian police forces are now engaged in a quest for more equipment, more personnel, more

money and more power. Especially power. Among their specific demands: the right to open mail (with a judicial warrant); changes in the Human Rights Act, to prevent criminals from gaining access to federal police files; withdrawal of Ottawa's freedom-of-infor-

station proposals; enough federal and to double the size of police intelligence units, to fight organized crime, and amendments to the Criminal Code that would make any car owner liable for all offenses involving his vehicle—even if it were stolen. Inuits Stan Burke, newly elected president of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police. "The war on crime is a war, indeed."

Still, the campaign for extra-dut comes when the growth rate of crime itself is leveling off. For example, between 1963 and 1967 crimes of violence increased by an average of 10 per cent across the

But between 1970 and 1977, the average rate of growth plummeted to less than one per cent per year. Asks Dr. Paul Beaud, director of Statistics Canada's job-

**That's Barbetta
with two Bs—
and no cockatoo**

On a back the snub-nosed revolver from his desk drawer and tucked it neatly into his holster. "We've had a report that another police officer has been shot," he said. Three fast flights of siren later, Toronto Police Superintendent Frank James Barbeito was heading toward the scene.

It turned out to be a crank call, but Bartette—typically—let abusers to abuse a human? A glass-encased dollar bill on his office credenza bears the words Don't Pass the Buck. Bartette, tightly coiled but fully in control seldom does.

Freed hostage Jackie Belleville, 18, moments after Barbeite (center) had killed Paul Field, 18, only the first shot missed.



vision of marijuana or hashish is no longer a crime and even the Canadian Bar Association—never notably aggressive in pursuit of reform—and the government's own 1972 LeDain Commission have called for decriminalization of simple possession. Yet last year alone, more than 40,000 possession charges

The punishment often expended to curb drunken violations of the Criminal Code is not restricted to canals. Lamenting Unguete Hall law professor Alan Grant: "Senior officers know they're

summary took a hostage and threatened to kill her with a knife. Darbeita, head of all Major Toronto detectives, negotiated with the boy for seven hours—unsuccessfully. Convinced that the boy would kill her first, Darbeita fired two shots. The first one missed. The second found his heart.

In an interview last week with Maclean's, Darbeita, 49, spoke about some current cases.

Court leniency One of the best deterrents to crime is a stern court. Armed robbery is supposed to bring five years in jail. It 26 years I've even that sentence handed out once. That's insulting.

Civilian review boards: If we're going to have them—and I don't think we should—let's have them for lawyers, doctors and other professionals as well.

Police brutality: It's nearly impossible to arrest somebody and not use some force. You have to do what's necessary.

Police lobby: "The biggest lobbying I've seen is by lawyers. They make the laws, change the laws—all for their own advantage. We look at ourselves as concerned citizens who have not seen anything restricted."

catching the mackerel and leaving the whales, that's what accounts for their frustration."

Something certainly accounts for it. Although as University of Saskatchewan law professor Brian Gromann notes, "public support for the police in this country is at an all-time high," police morale is with few exceptions at an all-time low. Easy but, just bawling out criminals acquitted by juries in the streets, soft judges, quick parole—these are the virtues of the policeman's complaint. Starting into a coffee cup in northern B.C., an RCMP constable reflects "Out of 30 charges you might get five or six convictions. We don't get any support from the courts. You spend hours on an investigation, paper work, court time. There's no incentive for initiative. That's why the cops are getting out."

Even beyond the courtroom, though, a policeman's lot is not a happy one these days. In Mancini, for example, Chief Greg Cahoon, a former inner-city sergeant, has spent his forces with sweeping policy changes. Several senior officers have resigned. More recently, Cahoon has tried to force team policing upon the department.

In Charlottetown, friction between Chief Donald Saunders—supported from Ontario in 1974—and his staff continues. A 1977 provincial inquiry said the force was flying on a wing and a prayer, had lost public confidence and should immediately adopt formal rules and regulations—a code it had strenuously managed to do without.



wants the right to carry guns. Halifax cops are shoring up a strike, and the Quebec Policemen's Federation (3,800 members—among the most militant blue-helmet organizations in the country) predicts politicians will soon try to destroy police unions. "The storm clouds are forming," says Guy March, the federation's executive director. "For the next three years, we won't be fighting to gain new things, but to keep what we have won in the past."

All of that is but a barely audible rumble to the raucous vibrations touched off by police forces in Ontario. At week's end, the province's police commission had completed one investigation (finding "management by crisis" in Thunder Bay), had two more under way and two others were contemplated. In tiny Ingersoll (pop. 3,800), Chief Ronald James had the temerity to suggest recently that epileptics be buried from the town's restaurants. "Some guy barfing on the floor is not good for business," the chief maintained.

Elsewhere Toronto's well-greased operators in uniform have raised serious questions about police racism, emergency task forces and the adequacy of training techniques.

The most serious abuse occurred in Waterloo, Ont., former home of the Hellscream motorcycle gang, a group whose lifestyle blended into the community as punk rock blends with Beethoven. In 1977, the Waterloo Regional Police Commission hired a new police



Chief Brown and (above) Constable David Whitehead with dog snarling Hellscream. "Hell, even the Pope made mistakes."

chief—Syd Brown. He was a daring and controversial choice, in part because he had been a constable—and only a constable—for 23 years.

Brown made numerous changes in Waterloo, many of them positive. He gave junior officers more authority, believing them and new that officers on

the street are more in tune with reality than first-level administrators. But he also set up an eight-man tactical squad. This past March, it raided the Hellscream clubhouse. Obviously, it was a drug raid. In fact, it was an exercise in terrorism. Gang members, an Ontario Police Commission inquiry was subsequently told, were handcuffed and forced to kneel against a wall while police walked on their legs. They were made to run a gauntlet of police punches. They were beaten with nightsticks. Their clubhouse was destroyed. An improperly trained police dog inflicted more than 20 bites. Only one charge, for possession of marijuana, was laid.

"Hell, even the Pope made mistakes," offers Constable Charles Nengy, now standing guard outside the coronary unit of Kitchener-Waterloo General Hospital where Brown, with police rate of 28, was admitted last month. "I tell you, Syd brought policing out of the dark ages. None of this looking behind bushes to trip some motorist for speeding. We were doing police work." The commission inquiry is expected to recommence next month that Brown be relieved of his duties.

The Hellscream affair and other probes have made the whole process of police investigating themselves a matter of considerable debate. Two Ontario commissions in recent years have urged formation of a citizen review board to monitor complaints of police conduct. So far, the cops have lobbied successfully against its creation.

Out west, the B.C. Police Commission has established an enviable track record, averaging an average 1,100 citizen complaints a year, about 20 per cent of which involve allegations of police brutality. Most are unfounded. "The police are more courteous now," says Vancouver's senior Crown Prosecutor Bruce Donald. "The squads set up under the Police Act can lead to formal hearings. The gas in the street is thinking: 'Why should I get my ass on the line? All I face is a truckload of grief!'"

Indeed, police relations with the public, the press and the courts seem generally more amicable west of Ontario. The most grievance of Winnipeg's 1,807 cops is wages (they rank about 90th nationally), but it hasn't affected performance. Violent crime is the city's core declined 9.7 per cent last year, thanks largely to Operation Affirmative Action, which took policemen out of their masters and put them back on two-man foot patrols.

Syd, too, is in the rule. New recruits are better trained and better educated, but they are still governed by old ideologies. They are especially puzzled by what they regard as Canada's double standard as police morality: it's okay to

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Namibia: more than a sacred trust profaned

The tense southern African scene unfolded a week last week when South Africa told the UN to back off its attempt to use the territory of Namibia as a laboratory for independence. While the five Western nations—Canada among them—responsible for the UN plan considered their position, local guerrillas who had been expected to take part in a UN supervised election got out their guns again and took on the East bloc forces of Cuban troops and advisers are heavily placed in Angola for arms and aid. Maureen's Africa specialist, Dan Turner, reports from Windhoek.

When the League of Nations entrusted the wind-swept, sparsely populated territory of Namibia, then known as South West Africa, to the government of neighboring South

Peace and War in Namibia: universal suffrage is not spelled S-W-A-P-Q

Africa shortly after the First World War, it emphasized that a solemn responsibility—a sacred trust of civilization—went with the mandate.

How South Africa has fulfilled that trust has come in for increasingly critical scrutiny. But the internationalist critics who greeted last week's decision by South Africa to impose its own political solution on Namibia represents the biggest crisis yet in its 58-year involvement with the territory.

According to Article 22 of the League Covenant, the South African government was instructed to promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory. And three of the 14 prominent tribes, old San and Herero, under the trust—the Afrikaners, the Germans and the English. By the 1980s Namibia had the second-highest average standard of living on the African continent, behind only Libya, while its



Namibian demonstrators (above) insist when you've been down so long it looks like a up

plentiful resources of diamonds, uranium and copper provided a substantial economic base for hardworking whites willing to leave prosperity from the remote Namib, the oldest desert in the world.

Not so fortunate were the tribes that made up the other 90 per cent of the territory's million people—the Ovambo (accounting for almost half the total population), Damara, Herero, Kewena, Nama-Corsets, East Caprivians, Bushmen, Basters, Kalkoland and Tswana.

Material well-being for the lucky few

in the group meant getting to work for low wages in the territory's prosperous mines and living in generally splendid compounds, separated from families.

Racial progress was slow under a segregated South African-run education system whose average 1976 expenditure was \$808 per white student, \$296 per colored and \$66 per black.

There are various explanations for the democracy—a white businessman in Windhoek, the capital, says it's because "the bastards don't pay the taxes we do." A senior South African diplomat says it's because the Afrikaner is so distrustful. "He's not going to get educational equality which that implies a political equality he isn't going to grant."

Given such concerns about their black fellow citizens' state of development it isn't surprising to find white reservation about their capacity to handle majority rule. It is not unusual to hear a white South-Wester ask what a black South-Wester could possibly know about democracy when he has never been allowed to vote, complete with the deepening implied corollary that the black white community which has restricted the voting to itself all these years understands democracy perfectly.

It isn't surprising either that when the South African government, under increasing pressure from world opinion, produced a plan for Namibia's "independence" last year that plan involved a system of proportional representation on ethnic lines which would leave the white minority in a dominant position, would keep foreign affairs and defense under South African influence, and would ignore the existence of the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO) that has been fighting a guerrilla war against South African domination for years.

Nor is it surprising that, in the end, after firing with a United Nations plan which would have integrated SWAPO into the political system, allowed for one-man, one-vote elections, provided for the virtual withdrawal of South African armed forces from Namibia and the loss of its naval base at Walvis Bay, the Pretoria government has finally decided to back world opinion.

The official reason for the decision to break with the UN solution was that Namibia was critical to majority rule quicker than the UN was going to provide it. So after an election by "universal adult suffrage" and transfer of power on Dec. 31 this year, Namibia will "decide for itself" whether it wishes to opt for the UN solution.

The diplomatic war over the UN proposal has arisen because it has unexpected implications for the UN itself. Six

The unsmiling heirs of Jolly John Vorster

Looking at the headline once a day the spring while I lived a wife and motherly. I don't believe anyone would really want the job. There can't be a more difficult job in the world. Hyperbole perhaps. But her sentiments reflected the widely held opinion that whenever succeeds John Vorster as South Africa's prime minister the week will take over the most critical period in South African history.

Domestically, Vorster's sudden resignation laid waste—morally due to it health—may actually impede widely demanded changes. Political observers feel that the fierce competition among contenders may

lead the race won't be between, among others: P. W. (Pieter Willem) Botha, 52, respected but a member of defense and most senior cabinet official. Botha is considered the most conservative and hawkish of the contenders. Leaders say it was his highly emotional appeal that led a divided cabinet into allowing the subsequently condemned and disastrous Angolan invasion in 1975. Dr. Conradie, 53, charismatic looking member of parliament. Conradie was not colorful right winger. Under a title of "crown prince" was recently put at risk by a scandal in his former ministry (education) that led to several "party interventions" and the disbanding of the cabinet. Botha was never named specifically in charge of mass of funds but had to assume some of the responsibility.

Much (perhaps), Vorster (third up), P. W. Botha (fourth up), a job to avoid



decide the newly formed ruling National Party so slowly that a meeting was scheduled to prove that the government will continue just as before.

Thus in his own way, "Jolly John"—so nicknamed at first due to his natural brow—will be muted. He played a key role in Rhodesia and Namibia and, although considered a hardliner by younger generations, his 12 years in office did reflect a greater flexibility than that of his predecessor. Hendrik Verwoerd—in his attempt at alliance with black Africa and at home, in conceding the right of coloreds (people of mixed race) and Asians to participate in decision-making on matters of common concern.

Meanwhile last week, as the headline

looked "This" Botha, 56, charismatic minister of foreign affairs and himself ambassador to the U.S. and so. The only moderate candidate. He once publicly called for repeal of the acts that forced recently married men and lesbians a move immediately condemned by his colleagues.

By last weekend, the betting favored P. W. Botha, but understanding that only a minority of the basic fact that Vorster, expected to take over the recent presidency, has been viewed with constitutional reform. His successor is unlikely to be promising sweeping internal changes. All the candidates are deeply committed to capitalism and equity reform, to deny the world to protect white minority rule. Robin Wright





was an opportunity to refuse critics who say it is irrelevant.

For the five Western countries that rotated the UN plan—the U.S., Canada, Britain, France and West Germany—it offered a chance to counter increasing Soviet and Cuban influence in Africa by advancing self-determination and by helping to further a government that would not owe a debt to Eastern bloc military assistance.

For South Africa, the implications were enormous. David Tjebkamps, co-chairman of SWAPO's paramilitary internal wing, said in Windhoek recently that if a solution were found that accommodated both whites and blacks, much stronger voices—both white and black—would be raised in South Africa for a similar solution.

This fact—coupled with a need on the part of candidates (see box) for the succession to retiring Prime Minister John Vorster to get tough and a threat that the longer voting was delayed the better would be SWAPO's chances—clearly outweighed all other considerations, even the threat of an international trade boycott. This in spite of the fact that, as a Canadian diplomat in Pretoria said recently, the South African economy is starving for outside capital and the black unemployment level is starting to become alarming.

What happens now is not entirely clear. Vorster's announcement had the customary South African political quality—cautious, selfish, however, that Pretoria will seek to reverse the social changes that in the past year or more have seen the ending of the pass laws which restricted nonwhite movements, the admission to hotel rooms of nonwhites provided they "act white," and the relaxation of the law that forbade racially mixed marriages

or even love-making.

Politically, it will be a different story. "Universal adult suffrage" in a comforting phrase, which is no doubt why it was chosen. But the rejection of the UN plan, as Vorster and his colleagues probably expected, itself was sufficient to goad SWAPO's main leadership (there is a smaller, less militant wing) under Sam Nujoma to drop out of the elections.

That seems to leave the way clear for the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA) led by Dirk Mudge, a white man. Named after the constitutional convention, which first brought blacks and whites together to discuss Namibia's future in 1975, this is divided into 11 unrepresented wings—one all-white party and 10 all-black tribal groupings. It is clearly regarded by South Africa as preferable to SWAPO and it was probably the belief that this would be defeated in the UN-administered elections that led South Africa to break with the UN.

The repercussions of that decision, however, were felt well beyond the borders of Namibia itself. In announcing its decision not to participate in the election, SWAPO pleaded itself to a stepped-up guerrilla war and called for more military help from the East bloc. That in turn, as British Prime Minister James Callaghan and Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda agreed in hastily arranged talks at the week's end, could shake the stability of Namibia's neighbors. Zambia, which hosts SWAPO guerrillas, is especially vulnerable. South African stubbornness is also likely to increase white Rhodesian reluctance to come to terms with the black majority, thereby precluding bloodshed there. If it does, more than the sacred trust in Namibia will have been profaned.

Middle East

A clear case of déjà vu

The parallel with the angel to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's November, 1977, visit to Jerusalem was uncannily close. On the one hand there was the lovely figure of Sadat plodding down the road to peace ahead of his 40 million fellow countrymen. On the other, there was a noisy chorus of Arab opponents bent on blocking that road at any price. And in between, the U.S. was trying to win reluctant moderate Arab opinion over to Sadat's side to cement a Middle East accord.

The only difference, after the off-hampering Camp David Summit, was that the Israeli side seemed to be more seriously intent on a settlement. Or were they? True, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan was softening up his countrymen for an essential decision in the Knesset next week to withdraw Israeli settlements from the Sinai. True, Labor Opposition leader Shimon Peres was virtually underwriting substantial Israeli concessions at Camp David. But Prime Minister Menachem Begin, the moderate note once again in his voice, was proceeding warily to take large holes in the agreement he had just signed.

Indeed, as U.S. Secretary of State Cy-

rus Vance flew east to lobby Sadat's Arab neighbors it was clear that only a master decorator could paper over the rips which were appearing in the spirit of Camp David.

The risk was hardly dry before Begin was telling anyone who would listen that Israel did not consider itself bound to prohibit the establishment of further settlements in the disputed West Bank and Gaza Strip, at a breakfast meeting with U.S. congressmen, he pointed out coldly that Palestinian self-determination did not mean Arab sovereignty over these areas—and that Israel had no intention of giving up its claim to sovereignty or its right to station troops there. The statement was strictly in line with the agreement—negotiations about the final status of the West Bank and Gaza Strip are scheduled to begin during the five-year transitional period—and possibly intended only to placate the hawks in Begin's own cabinet. But it reminded observers that some Israeli are more interested in a peace treaty with Sadat than a Middle East settlement—a point of view which could wreck both.

The strains were showing too in Sadat's camp as the Egyptian leader readily confirmed what had been confidently rumored as early as the White House signing ceremony—that his Foreign Minister, Mohamed Ibrahim Kamel, had quit, exactly as his predecessor had done in the wake of Sadat's historic journey to Jerusalem.

But the most serious threat to the accord piled together so hastily in the desperate last hours of the Camp David Summit came from the two countries whose support was most needed to

Vance and Soviet Premier's Faid will keep another 300,000, or just half?



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The Sinai: when it's time to go

As if possessed, a 30-year-old blond in tight shorts and a Yanki T-shirt, neither name after the Sadei val to Jerusalem as the woman who lived in the ruins of the world peace. I didn't come here from Israel to live in Egypt.

Here? was Yanki, conceived by Moshe Dagan, then Israel's defence minister as a major post-city of 250,000 people between the Gaza Strip and the Sinai city, El Arish. So far about 1,000 Jews have made their homes in the concrete grid and the sand dunes and the date palms.

But Jews are achieving in the wake of Camp David. Last week the Israeli army forcibly removed ultra-nationalist squatters trying to establish a settlement on the other side of the country in the disputed West Bank area, and next week the Knesset (Israeli parliament) will vote on whether the Sinai settlers must pack up too, as part of the deal agreed to by President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin.

In June with the times, Gadi's has modified her views. She said last week: "I don't want to come from Miami to live in Egypt, but we will not stand in the way of the peace." Like most of her neighbors, Gadi is bitter at the prospect of leaving to leave. But she remains confident a suburban Gadi-like, articulate and forthright, sorry for herself, sorry for Yanki, sorry for Israel.

We believe that we have been sold out since the first. The ply is not only for the Sinai, but for the whole country. That we have to move because we don't have the economy and the strength to stand up against the world.

In the days before the key Knesset debate, Yanki feels an like a desecrated chicken. She says she is still surviving, but her neighbors are all helping. They will get on until somebody pays them to go. The residents have formed an action committee, but they are already securing their government compensation.

Israel's first, the last Israeli settlement between El Arish is another world and another story. It is a Moshe, a co-operative established by former El Arish residents of Menachem Begin's ultra-nationalist Herut party. Soon after his election as premier, Begin visited the 18 families and signed up as a member. They took it as a sign, and they said, "We don't want to go." Camp David had them like a right cross from Muhammad Ali.

Moshe Eliezer, a bearded, 28-year-old, moved from Tel Aviv and member of the Eliezer Council, recalled that they met Begin before his work to the summit conference. "He promised us. Friends, had your families



that you know nothing to worry about, you have someone to trust." Now they are not so sure. Shitka did not want to speculate on what would happen if they did move. But another leading light of Herut Sinai, Yitzhak

make it work. After a four-hour emergency cabinet meeting—and telephone consultations with Syria's President Hafez al-Assad and Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd—King Hussein announced that Jordan was not obligated "morally or materially" by Camp David. Considering that the text of the settlement referred to joint Israeli-Egyptian-Jordanian action in a number of key areas (this was a bitter blow, and it was felt all the more keenly in the Egyptian camp since before Camp David, said Shitka, Hussein had sent him a message saying "I am ready").

The official Israeli text of disagreement swiftly followed. The agreement, said a statement after a cabinet meeting presided over by King Khalid, was unacceptable. It did not make absolutely clear Israel's intention to withdraw from occupied lands, it did not record the right of the Palestinians to set up their own state in their own homeland, and it said nothing about giving back Jerusalem—an Arab as well as a Jewish religious site.

On the face of it this was a rude rebuff for Shitka, who gets about \$1 bil-



Israeli soldiers stand guard in the Sinai. What do they think of the Sadei?

lion a year from Riyadh to keep his Israeli economy afloat. But the Saudis, as ever, still feel a portion of their anxiety on the issue. The Israelis added that they did not feel they should appear the right of an Arab country to repulse last territory, provided these efforts did not contradict "higher Arab interests"—a high-sounding but helpfully vague proposition.

Predictably, however, there was

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among the least bit ambivalent about the PLO mission, or that of Syria's President Assad. The PLO leadership, understandably stung by the deliberate exclusion of its followers from the summit, demanded a "fairly deal" which strikes of compromise and threatened reprisals against U.S. interests within the PLO's striking range. Syrian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali al-Hadeed and Sabat had "strapped himself" as an Arab ally, and a "rejectionist" element in the "rejectionist" camp—Syria, Algeria, Libya, Saudi Yemen and the PLO—is in a strategy meeting in Damascus.

This was how things stood when Vazoe stepped from his plane at Anzac airport last week to begin his talks with Hareven. By the weekend, the deal had changed—for the better that is. Begin was sounding even more hawkish, promising that Israeli defence forces would stay on the West Bank and the Golan Heights beyond the five-year transitional period which most people had thought was the agreed deadline for withdrawal, and Vazoe's hosts were not, apparently, in a receptive mood.

After two meetings with Hareven, Vazoe flew to the South African capital but the meetings at both airports was the same: the Israelis had not given sufficient ground.

In Damascus, the "rejectionist" element—egged on by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev—dispatched a team to lobby Hareven and went on to make him an enemy of anti-Sadat rhetoric, pressuring him more support for Syria, and the PLO's their confrontation with the Israelis; calls for closer relations with the Soviet Union to counterbalance U.S. influence; plans for an Arab summit without the Egyptians.

Sabat himself was back in Egypt after a cautious welcome and pledges of army support, but looking increasingly alone, despite a changing meeting with Morocco's King Hassan on the way back from Washington. As at the start of the year, it looked as though a Middle East settlement, like as ever in a mirage, was a lot further off than it had first seemed.

European community

But is it big enough for both of them?

The Germans refer to it as *Anschén*. The French prefer to call it *Amis-Étrangers*. But the choice of the ancient Alpine border town as the site for a summit like this between France's

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt did not go unnoticed.

There, on the spot where Charlemagne once presided over his united European empire, the two close friends and former finance ministers hammered out the technical framework for a new European Community currency system which will create an independent "stable European monetary zone" that is scheduled to go into effect next January, cutting the community's ties to the waffling American dollar.

Slightly more than 48 hours later, at the finance ministers' Banquet of the Club of Rome met in Brussels last week to put their stamp of approval on the Giscard-Schmidt blueprint—British Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, who had been the notable holdout, was back in the fold—the ground was broken for what Schmidt optimistically termed "a new step on the road to the reconstruction of Europe."

Certainly, beneath the wind-bending economic jargon which accompanied the announcement, the feelings were unmistakable as champagne warmed up across the continent for next June's balloting on the first directly elected European parliament in Strasbourg and the nine community members prepare to become an even daisy with the entry of Greece, Portugal and Spain into their ranks. There is every indication of a new Western European power bloc abiding.

What Giscard and Schmidt didn't bother

Giscard (left) and Schmidt (right) party and schmooze; new here



The death of the Edmund Fitzgerald

When the Edmund Fitzgerald went down in Lake Superior on Nov. 10, 1975, she lay Capitan Ernest McKelvey and the other 26 men aboard with her to a mysterious death. And though Gordon Lightfoot turned the tragedy into a legend with his hit record, there was still to be done as to what caused the tragedy.

Until last week that is, when a congressional subcommittee investigation opened a second inquiry—the first was inconclusive—and heard the tale of the three sailors.

The assumption was that the Edmund Fitzgerald sank after water rushed through her hatch covers. But that, according to an old Great Lakes sailor who told the tale, Lyle McDonald of Laramie, Michigan, was a lie on the honor of Captain McKelvey and a very solid-down version of the disaster had really struck her.

When on Lake Superior, I have lived the day and night of the Edmund Fitzgerald story, many times."

Certainly the freighter had sunk as a result of a natural phenomenon—but a very special one—three big waves. By McDonald's account the waves were in the storm would have been 16 to 20 feet but the "three waves" could have been up to 30 feet. The freighter had less than 14 feet of freeboard [the height from the water line to the deck]. There was no mystery about it, he said. The Edmund Fitzgerald simply sank.

William Leather

very hard to conceal is that it is designed to reflect the growing disengagement on the far side of the Atlantic with Jimmy Carter's leadership of the West. Since his outright slap at Washington's wrists during last July's summit of industrialized nations in Rome, Schmidt has made no secret of how he feels about the American "failure" to control their economy, as pledged, by raising its oil imports and reducing their gaudy trade deficit.

But his disenchanted reality dates back to the episode, a few months ago, when Carter called a halt to plans to station U.S. nuclear missiles on German soil with nothing more than a telegram, a mere 24 hours before the signing of an agreement negotiated by Carter's national security adviser Stephen Brezinski.

The concentration of Schmidt's objective is a new basic monetary unit of account—to be called the "Ecu" or European Currency Unit—a symbolic new unit, in the old, old days, most Europeans could judge as *too green* in their pockets.

The problem for the European finance ministers and their chiefs was to enable countries with weaker currencies—France, Britain and Italy—to live within the system [an earlier attempt known as the "snake"] failed on pre-



Unites Monday, back in the fold

ceding these grounds. But a Belgian compromise proposal seems to have aligned the stars and all nine members have agreed to establish a basic pool of about \$32.4 billion—about a fifth of the European Community's current reserves. This will lead, in two years' time, to the creation of a European monetary fund, functioning as a mini-FIM.

Ironically, the move comes barely a year and a half after the European Community celebrated its 20th birthday under the magnificent tapes-

tries of Rome's Campidoglio in the swirl of glowing predictions over its future as every side. But now the nine are gearing up to welcome Greece as the 10th member by mid-1980 at the earliest, which will set the stage for Portugal and Spain to follow. In anticipation of that leap, Giscard wrote a letter to his fellow heads of government on the eve of the Annecy-Chablais meeting calling for a summation of three "wise men" to rethink the changing nature of the community.

While former German chancellor Willy Brandt has recently begun holding over his pledge to stand for election to the first European parliament next June, Giscard has been peering ahead to assemble strong lions from his constituent states, including his closest confidant, former French interior minister Prince Michel de Brocowski.

In fact it was "Prince" who once confided to a journalist that Giscard's wild-mare dream was to lead a new sort of European union under his banner—something Schmidt might well have kept in mind as he leaned across the table littered with Coca-Cola bottles at Annecy, while Giscard invoked "the spirit of Charlemagne which has blown through the continent." As each was only too well aware, Charlemagne travelled solo.

David McDonald



du Maurier
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Revolving he did more in politics than play golf, former president **Gerald R. Ford** last week told the House Select Committee on Assassinations that he was a spy for the FBI while a member of the 1966 Warren Commission investigating the assassination of former president John F. Kennedy. Ford, who smiled and waved to cameras as he testified, told the committee that even though he had taken an oath of secrecy he met twice with a top aide to the late J. Edgar Hoover (then director of the FBI) to keep him abreast of the Warren's activities. Ford stopped grinning, however, when he learned that the FBI has also investigated (but cleared him) as a possible "deep throat" source of leaks to the press. Seems that had his can also occur off the golf course.

It's only a fractured picture, but the plaster has certainly curtailed nightclub performer **Ruddy Duceau's** cartwheels. Dracula, a high-stepping hooper, broke the finger last week during her

Duceau: That's the breaks



hyperactive Toronto show (these cartwheels are done on chairs) when Don Dorema, one of the two male dancers in the act, pushed when he should have pulled... or did he pull when he should have pushed? Trumper that she is, both Dorema and the show went on said, later, so did a cast. "I always wanted to break a bone when I was a kid," said Dorema, "but I had to come to Toronto to do it."

Although somewhat dwarfed by the bearing manacures of the boaters, hockey and basketball players who competed, **Teller Cranton** tried hard to capture his share of the points and poppins in ABC-TV's 1979 edition of *Superstars*. Unfortunately for the Olympic bronze medalist skater, cutting figures and jumping loops weren't studied as events. Cranton craved to a fifth-place finish in overcoming; he placed 16th of 11 in golf, barely edged out boozing *Jenny Holm* for a second-last spot in bowling and had an ignominious result in the kayak race. Seemingly that the wheels of glory, weren't spinning for him that day.



Cranton, keep your head up

Cranton blew a tire, fell off his bike and never saw the finish line. Result of his two days work: one point and \$100.

Taking a page out of Sylvester Stallone's book, Canada's **Bob Hawley**, a 36-year-old actor-singer-author, is planning to turn her recently published first novel, *Where the Cherry End Up* (McClelland and Stewart), into a film script. Hawley, a twenty blonde from Barry's Bay in the Ottawa Valley, whose bit part in a British television series got her an even bigger part in the movie *Adèle H.* alongside Jane Fonda, says

Hawley: Now I got a pull for me



Minnelli: what the singer took to

she wants to play the heroine when her book *Cherry* hits the silver screen. And what if she's not cast in the role? "Then I'll have to direct the damn thing myself."

When a Canadian government official read **Mary Pickford's** letter asking for restoration of her Canadian citizenship, he said, "It gave me goosebumps." The letter, praising her "home and active lead," was sent from the intensive care unit of a Los Angeles hospital where the ailing 85-year-old Pickford is being treated. On hearing of the

Pickford: home sweet home



letter, Secretary of State **John Roberts** personally rushed through confirmation of her reinstatement. Pickford lost her Canadian status when she married **Douglas Fairbanks** in 1919, in an era when British subjects marrying Americans forfeited citizenship. In the heyday of silent films (*Pollyanna*, *Poor Little Rich Girl*) the Toronto-born Pickford (born Gladys Smith) was known as America's Sweetheart.

Proving that even stars can have beer tastes on a champagne budget, cabaret performer **Liza Minnelli** trooped into Toronto last week and proceeded to lead life as a roomer—well, almost. Sure, she flew in on her own private Lear jet after accompanying Michaelson. All in his dressing room moments before he won the battle of *New Orleans* over Leon Spinks. But when she arrived at her hotel at 6:00 a.m. the official greeting party had taken their booze and gone to bed. Liza had to make her way to that \$185-a-day suite groaning not only by a lovely bellhop. And although her room was strewn with

enough roses to blanket a Kentucky Derby winner, the yeasty champagne and Grand Marnier, there wasn't a bottle of bubbly in sight. Liza doesn't like champagne: she prefers beer and cake and so her fridge was stocked accordingly. Backstage at the O'Keefe Centre, as 3,000 persons who'd paid up to \$20 a seat begged for more Minelli, Liza was enjoying her post-show feed. With no carver to be seen, Liza dined on talented chicken moquelet with paper plates and plastic forks.

Actress **Susan Anagach** is trying to break a nasty little habit. Anagach, who's shooting the final series of *Evening* with **Michael Douglas** in Montreal, has the problem of falling in love with her leading man. She did it with **Jack Nicholson** in *Five Easy Pieces* and **George Segal** in *Shame in Love*; but she doesn't want it to happen with Douglas. "I have to discipline myself," said Anagach. "He's as newly married and about to have his first baby."

Anagach: going cold turkey



Getting ready to move it on down the line

A half a continent from the 100-cm/s strip of Beaufort Sea made navigable only by summer or subbreaker, and far from the proposed route of the Alaska Highway gas pipeline, American senators spent much of September locked in an energy battle. With President Jimmy Carter lobbying Washington furiously during and after the Camp David peace talks, the Senate was playing with the power to delay the \$400-million Alaska line.

On Sept. 15, however, forces led by Senator Henry "Booper" Jackson (D-Washington) won out, voting down an attempt to nullify Carter's national gas pricing bill, thus ending the possibility of more meandering months of talk. Gone, too, was the threat to further slow a completion date already pushed back to fall, 1983, a delay that would have added another \$1 billion to the \$10.7 billion project. With passage of the bill almost assured, price controls will end by 1985 and financing can now go ahead.

For Robert Blair, president of Fort-Bella Pipe Lines (Yukon Ltd.), the vote result was received calmly: "Just another hurdle to be taken." Blair's fight, however, is not just in Washington but also with rival companies and rival methods. The Beaufort Sea oil find, named all September as Mid-East reserves (unconfirmed by Dome Petroleum Ltd.) could change the pipeline picture.

Until now, the line carrying U.S. gas from Prudhoe Bay to U.S. markets has largely been billed in Canada as a public works project with access to Mackenzie Delta gas only as an afterthought. But Beaufort oil is different and the discovery rumors didn't hurt Beaufort's bid for an extension to the drilling season as it paid \$10 million to charter the Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker John A. Macdonald for a year. Dome daily gains confidence that oil and gas in quantity can move by tanker in 1985 cheaper than by pipeline.

Blair is also becoming an antagonist against Vern Horne, who headed the Canadian Arctic Gas consortium that Blair beat out to build the Alaska line. Horne now leads Calgary-based ProGas, bidding to use TransCanada Pipeline facilities to move gas south to the U.S. while Blair dismisses ProGas as a "self-

interest alternative." A federal government decision on export gas is not expected until next year, following the year-end report of the National Energy Board (NEB) supply hearings that begin October 11 in Calgary.

Meanwhile, watching the scramble to be Canada's energy source and transport leader, is a sagging Canadian shipping industry. While Dome's plan for a \$125-million cap-lift Arctic破冰器 in a barge down in negotiations with Petro-Canada, and the Macdonald-icebreaker further clouds negotiations, a Cana-



Beaufort Arctic fleet could take shape by 1990.

In fact, says Melville Shipping President Michael Bell, Canada's ice and navigation knowledge already equals Europe's and the U.S.B.R.'s. "By the 1990s, Canada will probably have taken on an unbeatable lead," he predicts. Melville, along with Petrocan and Alberta Gas Trunk Lines, is sponsoring the Arctic Petro-Carriers Project which intends to go before the SEN with an imaginative \$1 billion plan for ice-tugs, a tunnel and transatlantic line to Melville Island. A Melville associate already op-



James Johnson led the forces for flow. Dome's oil ship (below) won the ocean.



the icebreaking ship (above) and U.S. Arctic Gas Barge Island lead and use that's been called "a scaled-down version of the Arctic coasting course."

While the heat is on in the Senate, the wide variety of proposals means timing and transport of northern oil and gas remains a question mark. Until the conservatives, domesticators, financiers and governments sort out the problems from the solution, delivery of northern energy from King Christian, the Beaufort or Alaska Highway line will have to wait. As it always has.

William Lowther/Baderick M. McQueen

Ticker tape charade

The fiftieth of September will not go down in the 164-year-old Montreal Stock Exchange's history as a great day. Rather, it was a moment within the decline of le Bourse. A team of experts had talked over the Labor Day weekend to install a new central computer in the exchange's headquarters in Place Victoria. It was the Montreal's chance to suppress the mounting tensions with vulgar greed and efficiency, and make giant strides against the wallah Toronto Stock Exchange. Perhaps a last chance as the mid-slips below 18 per cent of the \$7.8 billion in business done at Canada's stock exchange, down from a more than 50 per cent share in the 1950s.

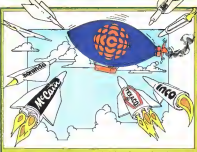
But then someone plugged the brombox in, and \$10,000-a-month worth of Hewlett-Packard 21-80s and associated software revealed that it didn't work. At the end of September approached and the value of last trading slipped over \$70 million, exchange information, so necessary for business, still wasn't reaching the public.

Traders now the Canadian stock exchange system revealed for the inoperable, fragmented child it is as technicians groped for three weeks to determine the capacity of a communications line that has been in operation for three years. Now President Robert Danes and Vice President, Vice-President at the end of September approached and the value of last trading slipped over \$70 million, exchange information, so necessary for business, still wasn't reaching the public.

Thirty-two firms and seven national associations will be their own approved stock/cap public affairs coverage of business a board and enter. The charge to be leveled in a brief at the Canadian Radio and Television Commission hearings on Oct. 10, 1983, is that the Montreal Stock Exchange, director of corporate affairs at Rodolph Industries Ltd. Committee in the recently formed "Montreal" group by word of mouth as it became clear that producers, researchers and programmers of such things as Monte Bell's *Montreal*, the 10th street and Fortville had lapsed the role of a business who's who.

Last week, the committee had the final located on a 15-page panel that largely will criticism and demands change. The final, obtained by Montreal's in media that last week was within following on June 31, multi-computer processors had hindered M&O operations.

But the technical difficulties only underline the national antagonism that has been brewing between Canada's two largest exchanges for the last 10 years. "We've been trying to get Montreal to do as much as for years," a senior technician at Toronto complains. "It's better now than it used to be, but sometimes we feel they really aren't with us



And they're not going to take it anymore

Years ago when rumors could shoot the messenger, hearing bad news was easy. Today with the media as messenger, there's a subtle difference between someone who's the boss man's ear. However, an energy business group which combated last spring after smoldering indignity for several years is about to attack that most visible of modern investigations, the cbc.

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ing between the committee and a spokesman cbc contingent led by Knowledge North director. Its news and current affairs.

What has made last week's angry media cbc refusal to withdraw business in show trading business, last-month-old interviews used in different contexts personal control by show hosts instead of specific questions before using unfiltered interviews by business critics, unsolicited product buying, specific comments long been allegedly biased coverage by the M&O staff, at Montreal News, annual meeting when Christensen investment was discussed, to Christensen demand for fact by Christensen about a "false Canada distributor's statement."

Recommendations include: meeting the cbc document, Program Policies, for better interpretation and self-enforcement of balance; upgrading cbc's economic and business understanding; establishment of an independent broadcast complaints commission. While the cbc has long embraced the commission, saying its members are independent, it has agreed to a series of regional meetings, including dinners between personnel and senior business managers. The cbc also agreed to a committee supervisor that prepared ahead economic activities.

While some progress may have already been made, the distance and debate will need more time as witnesses make even more individual encounters. A reporter for CBC's *Montreal* news coverage, as applied in public affairs is pleased in the briefly completed an interview with one Murray Ferguson, Ltd. President Victor Rickard and asked Rick to remain standing with him while the cameras moved back to shoot short coverage of the two.

It is doing this, said the reporter. "I can just wait and get it all out of me." He added: "You'd expect the role of hostess there." Rick looked at him and replied: "I'll wait and get it going to do that anyway."

Endrick McQueen

at all." We will continue to improve in North America and become a fully computerized trading system which will eventually include Canadian markets, likely in Toronto, within five years. Until then, to the possible detriment of brokers and investors everywhere, Montreal is, as our broker puts it, "the small guy just trying to stay alive."

Jon Brown

Stoking up the coal pile

When Edgar F. Kaiser Jr. took over the operations of Vancouver-based Kaiser Resources Ltd. in 1975, it was a company on its knees. Staggered by the combined weight of costly engineering errors, shoddy management and stampeding investors, share prices had plunged from \$22.55 in 1970 to a miserable \$1.75 in 1972. Losses had totalled \$35.2 million between 1969 and 1972. He had one saving strategy: "It was a company put on its side."

Enter the bustling 39-year-old Transcanadian steel figure of Edgar Kaiser Jr., fresh from various odd jobs in the Oakland, California, head offices of his father's Kaiser Industries. After a year at Kaiser Resources, he was named president and chief executive officer in 1975, swept the disbandment of a marooned operation, and headed his father's far-flung companies for bright-eyed talent. What he has recruited has so turned Kaiser around that, in July, the fully restructured firm successfully had \$355 million for the Canadian subsidiary of Ashland Oil Inc. of Kentucky.

These days, plumped in his chair on a yellow pillow behind a desk fitted with a row of telephones at his elbow, Kaiser can look back with some pride. In the last five years Kaiser Resources has become Canada's largest producer of multi-processed (steel-making) coal carved from Canada's largest metallurgical coal mine, encompassing 3,000 acres in Sparwood, B.C., 700 miles east of Vancouver.

With a guaranteed order to 1985 for 43 million long tons of coal a year to Japanese steel mills, the company managed its first profit in 1975 with net earnings of \$2.5 million. Last year, profit was a healthy \$77.3 million on \$209 million in sales. The turnaround is particularly sweet for Edgar F. Kaiser Jr., son of Edgar Sr., and grandson of Henry H. Kaiser, the steel magnate and steel giant who began in 1914 with a Vancouver street-paving company.

"The son of a bitch in good," offers a much older head of a rival coal company. When Dave Barrett's provincial



Kaiser (right) and a employee at Sparwood mine. King Coal's present oil price

NBC government increased royalties after it took office, coal was left relatively unscathed. No more, says Kaiser, he merely met with Barrett and "didn't play rate." Others give more credit: "Edgar simply had the diplomacy to talk to Barrett," says Mike Ryan, vice-president of Pemberton Resources. "After the election the other mining companies didn't bring themselves to speak to the bar."

Kaiser's steel-to talk alternates between Harvard MBA (class of 1967) precision and obnoxious enthusiasm of the now-ousted London Johnson (for whom he worked as a White House fellow in 1964). While his business sense is plain to see, he trusts his personal life with the due guarantee of prudent oil money in a barbarous age of kidnapping. Married for a second time four years ago, Kaiser and his Saskatchewan wife are seldom seen on the Vancouver social circuit. Perhaps because he logged 384,000 business miles last year on his Gulfstream II and the Havilland 142-325.

While innovative use of new technol-

ogy, which includes a 350-ton coal-carrying truck has helped the turnaround, he cheerfully admits that the 1970 energy squeeze in 1974 gave it a crucial boost. There is also, however, what Vancouver Board of Trade Managing Director Bruce Pepper calls Kaiser's "terrific-like attitude" in seeking out new coal markets in Pakistan, Romania, Brazil and South Korea (representing 14.2 per cent of total 1977 sales). Over the last year Kaiser has sunk \$5 million into those Petrobras. For a one-per-cent share of profits from Benguet Steel drilling and \$16.5 million for an exploration along with Petro-Canada off the Nova Scotia coast.

There is speculation that Edgar will make the inevitable (though Kaiser regrets to Kaiser headquarters in Oakland, but he dismisses such talk. Would he then convert his landed immigrant status to full citizenship? His mouth nodding into a mischievous grin, he acknowledges that "the prime minister has lidded me about this." With the new \$5-million social circuit. Perhaps because he logged 384,000 business miles last year on his Gulfstream II and the Havilland 142-325.

Thomas Hopkins



Robert Davis, Account Executive, Halifax

"I thought I was a seasoned stockbroker until Merrill Lynch sent me back to school."

Merrill Lynch sends new Account Executives, experienced or not, on a five-week course in the New York office.

That's Robert Davis, a Merrill Lynch, Royal Securities Account Executive, talking. He was asked recently what he likes about working at Merrill Lynch and why.

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"For instance, Jim Mosey. He's my Manager and one of the people responsible for seeing that training doesn't stop when the course ends. Jim's a full-time Manager there when we need him, devoting his experience and enthusiasm to training, advising and encouraging his Account Executives.

"And he's good. He knows Merrill Lynch inside



Jim Mosey, Vice President, Manager, Halifax Office

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"If a client has U.S. stocks, here in all the facilities of the New York Research Department to draw on too.



Anne Taylor, Assistant Vice President, Portfolio Analyst

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Doug Gault, Floor Trader

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Sports

A rich man's spiritual

by John Allen

Don Green stood in the rain on the U.S. Coast Guard wharf at Harbor Beach, Michigan, watching as his crew struggled with the tangled shrouds and twisted metal that remained of Evergreen's 56-foot, \$300,000 mast, betrayed by an \$11 below-decks fitting called a champagne Dave Downey, his only paid hand, attacked the fractured joint with a hacksaw; others went at the



Evergreen, down to the sea in stages

shrouds with wire cutters. Green had invested between \$300,000 and \$400,000 and close to two years of his life in the contest for the Canada's Cup.

That was Wednesday, when thugs were looking furiously bad for the Canadian entry in this year's cup series, run in six races on Lakes St. Clair and St. Mary. After beating the Americas Apege in the first two races, she'd run aground in the third and now was dismasted in the fourth. But Green's crew valiantly to take races five and six by Saturday and

claim the 82-year-old cup and a flurry of press from the Apege. A fitting climax to a career during which the protest code flag "three" was almost as often as the spinnaker.

"We'd gained a half-mile lead and we were only a few hours from winning," Green said of the fourth race, "and one champagne let go and the mast came down with a tremendous crack. The crew had been up all night and sailed an excellent race, just a spectacular race."

Between the third and fourth leg of the 300-mile long-distance race, Evergreen endured her lead to nearly five minutes and the 40-foot, radically designed Cuthbertson & Cassin two-toner was pounding upwind at about eight or nine knots. With three quarters of the two-around, triangular course behind them and barely 60 miles to go, the men had good reason to anticipate a champagne dinner. Instead they had to wedge the 700-pound mast onto the deck of the boat as it wallowed and rolled in heavy waters. Then came the slow cruise-in to Harbor Beach, and a second frantic 48 hours of repairs.

Green was right. It has been a spectacularly exciting race right from the start. It began earlier, when Terry Kohler's Apege outmaneuvered Evergreen in a brief but brilliant tacking duel at the starting line. Evergreen tried to get around the American boat—the fastest start-up gesture—but Apege luffed her sails, spilling the wind to slow down and prevent Evergreen from getting past her. Evergreen was forced to tack down to the leeward side of the line while Apege port bore away, to a close lead of six lengths. The maneuver left stunned big-boat racing men breathless.

As the boats plunged into the race, Apege immediately hunted her opponent. Evergreen insisted here. Suddenly Apege's crew in half. The crew made a fast recovery, hoisting another in about a minute. Just moments later Evergreen not only returned the favor by testing her sprinker, but lost a spinnaker overhead which dropped the Canadian boat to a near standstill. Evergreen's crew made a poor recovery, struggling to retrieve the spinnaker from the water, then, 30 minutes later, hoisting another spinnaker.

There are two forms of competition for sailboats—fleet racing and match racing.

Fleet racing is simply a matter of determining which group of boats can sail the course in the shortest time. Stripespin there are, and protests, but it



is essentially a straightforward affair, generally conducted to good humor.

In match racing, only two boats compete and there is no advantage—and there may be much risk—is simply attempting to beat the other boat to the next mark. It is a game of interference

Evergreen (left) leads around a mark in the second race, and the Canadian crew (right) lead the devil and the shadow blue lake

and the object is not so much to win as to prevent your opponent from winning. This leads to exhausting fencing duels

as the trailing boat—by tacking to windward or jibbing to leeward—attempts to slip out from the dangerous lee of the lead boat. Each time the trailing boat maneuvers, the lead boat maneuvers it, always heading the other farther off course, always playing between its adversary and the mark (tacking point).

This match racing, like jousting, is personal warfare. Classed in ritual and the sometimes strained camaraderie of accepted sportsmanship, it remains a duel between two men, drawing them, their crews, families, friends, and associates into a rapidly escalating battle of wit, skill and raw courage. All of this takes place within the elaborately polite and studiously jovial atmosphere of the yacht club. It gets messy sometimes but it's merely civil.

Evergreen was the first two 15-mile events and likely would have won the third, a 75-mile long-distance race, had she not run aground and broken her daggerboard, a lifeline in which draws a whopping nine feet when fully extended. Apege's lead and draws a foot less depth. Don Green was furious over the grounding and immediately lodged a protest—sailing's form of litigation—contending the course had been wrongly chosen. "We were raced over a course which had as little as 11 feet of water at one of the marks," he said. "Three to six feet water made the race shallow to be safe." But the race committee, headed by Konstantine Cost of Detroit, ruled that since Green had sought necessary paperwork in lodging the protest, it couldn't be heard. The matter was shelved if not forgotten. Cost had also been miffed when Green, contending that the daggerboard be repaired at the manufacturer's Oakville plant, sought an extra day's delay before racing resumed. "Detroit," huffed Cost, "is North America's most centralized city and anything Evergreen needs can be found here." He was overruled by the international jury. Doubtless had Green needed a new carburetor Detroit could have supplied one, but the cost for a new 500-point lead foot for the daggerboard was in Oakville.

When Evergreen was dismantled she forfeited the fourth race and the score stood at 3 to 2 for Apege, with two more 15-mile events remaining to decide the cup. Green lost just another protest after the dismantling. One of the race boats in the race was miles out of position. The protest was dismissed on the grounds that since Evergreen couldn't have finished the race it didn't make any difference. And again Kon-

stantine Cost attempted to intervene by demanding that racing be resumed on the Thursday. He was overruled, giving Green a single day for noncompletion and tacking.

It smacked of the protests and measurement calls that brokeground Evergreen during preliminary trials against Paul Phelan's contender, Alfa ET, held at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto last summer. Alfa ET demanded a pre-race measure of Evergreen's daggerboard, which was lag right. But the fully articulated daggerboard has to be removed for measurement, and it takes at least a day's sailing after it's put back in its slot to get the feel of the boat again. Pure gamesmanship. Evergreen was saying to go on to further battles and battles in Detroit.

All was quiet in the Toronto trials. Feelings ran so high that a scheduled yacht reception for the Royal Canadian Yacht Club crew of Evergreen was cancelled, a snub that left Don Green seething for months. But the 1979, one of the most civil and safe sailing clubs in the world, resumed the upstart from Har-



Apege: it's an ill wind

stonia who threatened and claimed the right to compete for the Canada's Cup For 88 years the secret behind the Canada's Cup and believed that a club tradition had become inviolable.

A similar snub occurred at the Port Harvee Yacht Club when win and companions of Evergreen's crew and supporters were sitting on the lounge. Local club members had planned a bash for the Apege people, but when club members arrived they greeted their guests as the "Evergreen prancers" and asked them to leave. Thus the battle is per-

**Lamb's Palm
Breeze Rum.**
Share the world
of the friendly
mixer.



ward affair and ashore, in ways both admirable and dubious.

Attempting to rise above the belching which is such an integral part of the sport—and, unfortunately, it seemed—were Terry Kohlen of St. John's, Nfld., and Don Green of Hamilton, Ont. They equipped themselves with equally different but well-matched boots operated by crick crews, and gave everything they had and then some for the privilege of representing their countries in one glorious series of runs.

When Irish eyes were smiling

It was billed as the game the Irish could not lose, and no wonder. For the first time since Ireland was partitioned in the 1920s, the soccer teams of Northern Ireland and the Republic met in open combat.

The occasion was a match in the European Nations Cup, a championship to find the best national soccer team in Europe. But that wasn't really the issue at stake in Dublin last Wednesday. The question was which is the best team in Ireland.

So great was the interest that the venue had to be extended to Lansdowne Road, normally famous as the home of international single games, to accommodate the 55,000 fans.

There were other problems. What would happen when 50,000 Western fans, complete with Lavalin flaps and flags, arrived in the Republic's north? What about team colors, since both usually wear green? And what anthem should be played and what flag flown?

In the event, all these problems were solved. Five hundred points were on duty and there was no more trouble than at the average Saturday afternoon game. The Republic wore green with white stripes and the north white with green stripes and the southern anthem and flag were the only ones officially on display, although there were flags of every kind on the terraces. After all that, the game itself was something of an anticlimax, ending in a scoreless draw. The Republic was favored, but a tough Northern defense crowded out their stars and it was clear both sides were determined at least not to lose.

When the final whistle went, Northern manager Danny Blundell warmly embraced his opposite number Johnny Giles. Perhaps that was what the occasion was all about. And if we still don't know which is the better team, there is another question that is also unanswered. If a small country of four million people can produce two such teams, what might a united Irish team not achieve on the international field?

Brenda Keenan

The days of whine and roses

In the men's washroom of Twenty-One McGill, a prestigious Toronto women's club, three Toronto movie critics, one of them in momentary exile from a producer's wrath, were taking a leavener and contemplating The Canadian Film Awards party was in full swing. Champagne, insults and film industry lore. Finally critics bawled that Crooks had dropped its entire full bar for the occasion, more shrewdly, usually called area, sprayed themselves in black tie, denim or their Saturday Night Fever best, the man during opening, when scores sat of G. Toon Popper. The Silver Porters had just won best picture and five other awards (for director Daryl Duke, composer Oscar Peterson, editing, sound editing and sound recording)—but virtually nobody in the place (or in the country, except for the national jury, had clapped eyes on the comedy-caper starring Elliott Gould and Christopher Pennings. One of its producers explained that its makers wanted it judged first by international standards and felt that Canadians wouldn't have given it a fair shake.

Meanwhile, back in the men's washroom one of the critics who had flayed Power Play (a co-production: buried competition until the Supreme Court of Ontario ruled otherwise) flouted a toilet door from one of its producers. The letter suggested that the critic was given to performing robitic acts as male genitalia and threatened a truncation of this, or any other related activity, until the producer ever to physically meet the critic together to the Canadian Film Development Corporation and the secretary of state).

It was a grand night for stinging. Earlier in the evening at the Ripston Theatre, Helen Sharpe won the best actress award for her performance in *In Praise of Older Women*, which took three others, including best supporting actress for Marilyn Lightstone. Other major winners were Kenneth Brinman's *The Champagne* (five awards, including best documentary). One

Night Stand (best actor and actress in a non-feature film in *Street Corner* and *Chapelle Joffe*, Martin Barber for his *Power Play* screenplay; Henry Backman, who got the most applause, as best supporting actor for his roasting wrestling manager in *Shed and Guts*, and Richard Caboune for best actor in a feature film for *Three Card Monte* (the film also received the Wendy Nicholson Award "in recognition of his outstanding achievement as executive producer, screenwriter and lead actor in *Three Card Monte*"). In all, 38 awards were given out in the two-hour show hosted by Screen City's John Candy and Catherine O'Hara, who, after a hilarious patter that on Bruce Willis and Katherine Hepburn, spent the rest of the evening looking up.

For the first time the Biogs were this year held under the wings of the Toronto Festival of Festivals, whose co-gener, Bill Marshall, produced and directed the Biogs show. Apart from comments ranging from the over-the-top ("I'm sorry, but these savings belong as a coffee table") to the apogee ("These come there's nothing to eat") I paid 25 bucks for that), there were cries of in-

Shower it should happen to you



Backlash: the rear of his crowd

signation: a mortgage showing how well Canadians had done in California included a filmed interview with playwright Bernard Shaw (*Shore Time*, *Next Year*) and his wife talking about the trials and tribulations of being up the pool and the garden. Lastly listed, it was part of an evening of memorabilia. Comedy-producing director Gilles Carle's name Gould, British pulling up the cat and the National Film Board, Marisa Berube's angry tirade on the pains of *Power Play*, industry and government officials (who, their vertigo notwithstanding, would have been recognized by a grand total of 12 people outside the film business) presenting the bulk of the awards. Adding to all this glaze was one thing light.

Heavily laid singer of Rough Trade, David Pope, two late hits of her last four years, was there as a nominee (she later won) for original music score "Pride, Hell," she said "All I care about is the trophies."

Back to Twenty-One McGill and into the small hours the champagne was still flowing and some not-so-legal mood brighteners were being passed around. The next morning some of the nominated films would be released and Canadian audiences could actually see them in the days to come. The word from the men's washroom was that the time spent would be quiet days in sight.

Lorraine O'Toole

It's enough to make you sick — or dead

For the residents of St. Pierre Joly, a community of 1,000 located 40 kilometres south of Winnipeg, the tornado which ripped through southern Manitoba last June was the last straw, memorable not for what it hit, but for what it narrowly missed. Break in the middle of their severely kept town

ties there responded, "It's a bad time to ask because there's an election in November." With an early solution in sight, town councillor Denis Gregoire says the residents have lived long enough with the fear of fire, vandalism and contamination of local water supplies. Intense heat would release po-

sonous fumes from the asbestos, and soaking it with water from fire hoses or a storm could carry it into town wells. "Just across the road there's a senior citizens' home," says Gregoire. "I didn't like to think what would happen if a fire broke out."

The townfolk of St. Pierre Joly see the mountain of rat poison in their midst as a catastrophe waiting to happen. It's not the only one. In Orleans alone, more than 200 tons of deadly polychlorinated biphenyls or PCBs are currently being stored in liquid waste under varying conditions at sites throughout the province—many of them in urban areas—because there is no incinerator anywhere in Canada capable of destroying them. According to Ed Carey, chief of Environment Canada's hazardous wastes management division, a disposal method will eventually have to be found for the 20,000 tons of PCBs now in use nationwide, mostly in electrical transformers. At two sites owned by a waste-disposal firm called Tri-Chem Refractories in Delta, B.C., south of Vancouver, hundreds of rusted, riveted 45-gallon drums containing 140,000 gallons of highly volatile and toxic industrial wastes such as paint solvents, toluene, sodium cyanide, hydrochloric acid and mercury have been left unguarded since the closing down of Tri-Chem in July last month. Delta authorities confirmed several of the drums were leaking. "If those types of chemicals are mishandled, we could be sitting on a bomb over there," warned local Environmental Control Officer Ed Adams.

Chilling to that may sound, the Delta situation, like that of St. Pierre Joly, is schizoid: even for peace relief—at least there are known locations of potential

stands an old, ramshackle warehouse with a perilously sagging roof is where 300 tons of rat poison, in the form of lethal arsenic trioxide, has been stored since the early '60s. The chemical was purchased by Poulin's, a Winnipeg pest control company which planned to set up a nationwide distribution business before the original owner's death prompted his heirs to abandon the site.

Since the federal government banned the substance as a pesticide in 1972, the town council has waged a continuous battle with present owner, Don Poulin, to have the poison removed. Poulin admits he'd gladly give the stuff away, but claims he can't afford the removal costs, variously estimated from \$70,000 to \$150,000. After St. Pierre Joly passed a special bylaw entombing Poulin to evacuate the volatile chemical or face a bill from the town for its disposal, the Manitoba government last week offered to subsidize the job up to \$75,000—providing the staff was moved clear out of the premises. Even that didn't help too much, when Don Poulin insisted about storing the arsenic in an abandoned mine in 1940s the authori-

Are going standing in front of the shed full of rat poison (above) and part of Delta's 140,000 gallons of dangerous substances (below) just a matter of time



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environmental or public health education. What worries B.C. environmentalists the most is this: Since T-Chem was the only facility in the province which would accept hazardous chemicals for disposal, where are the waste-burners exporting their morbid loads now? The same question goes begging in Ontario where waste-recovery operators have also been left with almost nowhere to dispose of most of the estimated 50 million gallons of chemical effluent now being channeled out annually by industries. In April, Metro Toronto finally got the lid on the one landfill site in the city equipped to handle liquid industrial

wastes. Montreal and the U.S. is 100 per cent. A month later the firm reported a dramatic decline in the volume of toxic wastes being received for disposal. So where are they going? Where, indeed? Clearly many companies are simply stockpiling their wastes until treatment or disposal facilities materialize—a situation which can in time dot the land with abandoned stores of hazardous waste. Government officials and industry people share the conviction that toxic wastes are being sloughed off into fields, ditches, streams, swamps, unapproved landfills, and even municipal sewer sys-

temnals, who often the Fraser River as a preferred dump ground. "Is that everyone knows it's going on, but you can't get anyone in either government or industry to put the finger on the people doing it."

"Governments may eventually have to be much more draconian in getting sites," warns Joseph Castylik of the Canadian Environmental Law Research Foundation. The public's rejection of almost every proposal for the construction of new toxic-waste treatment and disposal facilities is one of the primary causes for the present crisis. While consumer demand produces the manufactured goods whose byproduct is hazardous wastes, nobody wants these buried in their backyard. "The public wants a 100-per-cent guarantee that they will be safe forever from any possible ill effects," says Edward Turner. "But we have to accept some risks. The best we can do is try to minimize them."

Presumably, that's what the Hooker Chemicals and Plastics Corp. did more than 30 years ago when it buried tons of toxic chemicals in metal drums at a landfill site in an area of Niagara Falls, N.Y., known as Love Canal. Two years ago, the contents of the drums began oozing from the ground, killing plant life and burning dogs and children playing in the residential community erected earlier on the former dump. By the time Love Canal was declared a national emergency area this summer, scientists had identified 82 chemicals on the site, 11 of them suspected carcinogens. An unusually high incidence of miscarriages, blood abnormalities and nervous disorders among the evacuated residents is now thought to be related to the leaked chemicals. "We just don't know how many potential Love Canals there are," points Stephen Hicks of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. In Quebec, environmental officials are currently attempting to trace radioactive landfill quarried from a closed-down uranium mine at Oka, west of Montreal, and sold to contractors all over the province as fill.

Pollution Probe, an environmental research and lobby group, blames the present situation on the lack of non-prescriptive government policies on hazardous waste disposal. The Canadian Environmental Law Association is seriously concerned that while the quantity of dangerous wastes is increasing by five to 10 per cent every year, the waste generators have little incentive to reduce their disposal requirements—because of the laxness in enforcing the company's dangerous by-products bylaws. "Is society prepared to pay the price for maintaining the ecological balance?"

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wastes. Now companies providing 35 per cent of the two million gallons of liquids deposited there each year have nowhere else to send the stuff. Says senior Ontario environment ministry official Edward Turner: "Unless something is done in the very immediate future to treat these wastes, we will literally be up to our necks in them."

Fortunately, we already are. In May, the province turned thumbs down on a private-industry proposal for a major treatment and disposal plant at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Two months later, Trillium Waste Management Ltd., which was burning six million gallons of toxic wastes yearly, shut down its Mississauga incinerator in the face of government orders to install additional pollution-control equipment. At the same time, Trillium boosted rates for long-distance haulage of waste materials to its Sarnia incinerator or to disposal sites in

The biggest disaster befelling Cheryl Adams of Niagara Falls, New York, was not having the blood sample taken, but being in proximity to the Love Canal.

town. "What other possible conclusion can you come to?" asks one environmental researcher. "Someone is helping to keep things quiet, and we suspect it's the midnight busier." Some talk-show operator, that is, who will first diagnose waste with an equine aid.

Provincial environmental officials were concerned enough by last year to implement a compulsory waste-bill system where, when it is fully automated this fall, should identify any major discrepancies in the disposition of liquid industrial wastes. Meanwhile, backing enough inspectors to police the problem, they've resorted to asking the public to report any suspicious dumping. "The problem," claims a Vancouver en-

Bad news for good books: Mrs. Grundy rides again

Daylight, poet and teacher Henry Russell has seen it all before. Last month, Huron County school board banning of Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners*, the recent campaign by eight federal MPs to accuse taxpayer support for cutting West Coast poet Bill Bennett of Canada Council grants for writing "pornography," the controversy currently

conculding the Martinis in most modern novels out of the classrooms—all these symptoms sound too familiar as Russell, a veteran of censorship battles since the 1963 relaxation of the Alberta Censorship Act he went to allow *The Diviners* into provincial movie theatres. "I got tired of seeing the same old arguments brought up again with the same changes, trying to decide what we've already won," says Russell, newly appointed chairman of the Book and Periodical Development Council's new national task force on censorship. The task force has been set up to cope with anti-modern censorship battles outgrowing from what Russell describes as "the Protestant tendency in North America right now. Some people feel, perhaps inspired by the insecurities of the economy, that the pendulum of good taste has swung too wide." And as writers, publishers and educators are drawing the lines again to fight, as a Globe and Mail headline put it, the battle of "The Good Book versus good books."

Milton Evans of Ken Campbell is one of the boys to the current swing to the book-burning good. He organizes, Renaissance Canada (founded in 1974 on the proceeds of a first mortgage undertaken after Campbell discovered

his 15-year-old daughter reading John Updike's *Rabbit, Run* as homework) has attracted 2,000 members in seven provinces. Though Campbell fought his own Haldimand County school board head—40 books have since been struck from reading lists—Renaissance tactics are usually more indirect. As they did with the Huron County Catholic Women's

in a *Tempest*, "an exposure of a sex and society scandal at its heart of public life," aren't selling well to schools like Campbell, because of the "recent permanence."

The present rebirth of censorship seems to be flourishing best in the Maritimes. In the Annapolis Valley, a Christian-minded businessman, Gerald Doherty—distributing sexually explicit sections of five novels including *The Moonstone* and the Valley by Nova Scotia Ernest Buckler—has won the support of a fair number of worried parents as well as that of George Moody, the local Tory candidate. Also circulating a roughly torned warning to parents is Rev. Gerald Morgan, of Calvary Temple, Saint John's. Mrs. Rosemary Morgan quotes Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Malcolm Macgregor and Ann Landers—emphatically with violence, signals and exclamation marks—to support his views (From Macgregor, writing in the fall of the Boston *Register*: "The moral shape that lies behind all other shapes was breaking up.") Morgan believes that the use of modern novels in the classroom is contributing to the decline of moral order by erasing the moral values of love, honesty, drug use and vandalism as direct results. And he's not above judging the facts in his parents' where their fears are his argument: "I've written 16 books but only four of them are actually on the New Brunswick school curriculum. And according to Minister of Education Charles Collaquer, he received a 15,000-signature petition in mid-July on the strength of Morgan's 'warning' those four are 'optical training'."

Since his books were often kept out of his, Margaret Laurence is particularly eloquent at expressing how hard it is for an author—whose defense is the whole book—to fight back. "The attacks have been made by people who don't read books. They've picked up an entire paragraph in my books and then say they're too dirty to read completely." When the

issue of censorship in the schools first flared again in June, the Writer's Union (which represents all the threatened Canadian authors) set up a committee headed by Toronto broadcaster and writer Joan Calverton to organize support for embarrassed English teachers and authors. And they hired a lawyer—Marion Hebb of Toronto—to try and fight the bannings in court. But so far the legal approach hasn't worked. Says Hebb, "The court struggle has very good at slowing the law—everything they've said so far seems to come into the area of fair comment." So the union has decided to begin counter-punching. In November, they plan to circulate a 20-page booklet to schools suggesting ways to oppose censorship, from prepared theological arguments to compromise advice such as having a good case prepared for each modern novel on a curriculum plan in case.



Ken Campbell: Renaissance or dark age?

Colin Lowndes, the high-school English teacher who organized the defense for *The Diviners* in Huron County, is perfecting what perhaps will be the most effective strategy in this guerrilla war: "I can go underground. I can read books and put them on shelves faster than they can put them off. There are a hell of a lot of good books, you know." He also believes the task-force he teaches have the strength of mind to choose what's best for themselves. Making her way home after watching the community of Clinton tear itself apart over whether it should protect its children from sex as depicted by Margaret Laurence, Sandra McLeod, a grade 13 student at South Huron District High School, said, "In many ways these people still think of me as a child. I get so tired of hearing how all these people are going to make up their minds for me."

Jillanne Labeche

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Archaeology

Philip of Macedon slept here (maybe)

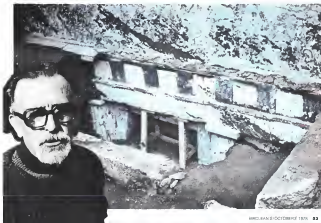
The ancient Greeks regarded their northern cousins, the Macedonians, as little better than semi-civilized barbarians, but the early Macedonian kings produced a line of rulers that were to lead their people to mastery of the known world. Archelaus built a strong army, but he also opened his court to subjects in the burgeoning influence of Greek culture. In the fourth century BC, the young king, Philip II, unleashed his Macedonian phalanx, his superior cavalry and his warriors' long-steeled spears upon the disorganized and squabbling Greek city states. Through force of arms he brought Greece a unity and strength it had never known, but he also saw the elevation of his son, Alexander, undertaken by the Greek-trained Macedonian scholar, Aristotle. And Alexander, succeeding his assassinated father when only 20, had conquered the whole eastern Mediterranean within 13 years. He became Alexander the Great and, in so doing, he spread the influence of Greek culture until it became synonymous with civilization.

Modern antiquarians never lose their fascination with that civilization, and their excited situation is currently focused on excavation, proceeding in a focused ballast near Vergina, a village in northeastern Greece. Here the sealed tomb of Philip of Macedonia is believed to have been discovered 11 months ago, and the discovery in August of a second royal tomb nearby is causing the Vergina tombs to be (a reasonable mound) to be hailed as one of the most remarkable archaeological finds of all time. The man chiefly responsible, bearded 59-year-old Professor Manolis Andronikos of the University of Sofia, is once again hard at work as exhilarating as any Philip or Alexander may have experienced—the applause and even whistled encouragement of 1,300 of the world's leading archaeologists gathered at an international conference in London last month.



Given that Andronikos (bottom) is right, the remains of Philip of Macedonia were in the golden urn (right) in the frescoed tomb (below) the morning of civilization.

Andronikos' great concern now is to make the scientific documentation of his findings as solid as rock. Far be it from him to have also stirred up what could be one of the great archaeological controversies of all time. Having done his first dig in the area as a student helper back in 1957, and directed several



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The last remains of the woman Andronikos found was Philip's seventh wife, Cleopatra. Jewelry and a gold child and her armor he found were Philip's. (center) silver

strange sounds on this same mound since 1892, the archaeologist's excited anticipation can be appreciated when he found himself entering the first intact tomb in Nov. 6, 1977. "We crept in from the roof like those looters of the past. Yet once inside, going with held breath at what was before us, we had the feeling of taking a step through time and space, of flinging ourselves back into another world 23 centuries older than our own. The sense of silence, even the smell, was from that time it was a summer, indescribable feeling."

When Andronikos and his team worked their way from the roof down the 15-foot-deep tomb vault, they came across a wondrous sarcophagus surrounded by gold and silver vases. Within the sarcophagus was a gold box weighing 24.8 pounds and containing what are believed to be the cremated remains of King Philip. Alongside the sarcophagus were a gold laurel wreath, a headpiece woven in a wood and ivory sheath, and a set of body armor and shield elaborately decorated with golden beads and rings and the emblem of Macedonian kings. In a smaller room, another sizable sarcophagus containing a smaller gold box enclosing the ash and bone remains of what Andronikos supposes to be Philip's last wife, Cleopatra. These had been covered with a now disintegrating cloth of royal purple, embroidered with gold.

The barrel-vaulted tomb measures 30 feet by 16, is held up by pillars and arches and decorated with frescoes. Other precious items found in it were an adjustable royal headband made of gold and silver at king's of the time, gold and silver shoes, royal clothing and five ear-rings carved from beads believed to be those of Philip, his wife, his parents and his son, Alexander the



Great. Andronikos says that this evidence, plus the fact that all the finds within the tomb date from between 250 to 320 BC, "prove to me beyond doubt that we have found King Philip's tomb." Philip, born in 382 BC, who was assassinated in 336 BC while attending the wedding of his daughter, prior to embarking on a new military campaign against the Persians. Thus it was that Alexander succeeded not only to his father's throne but also to his Asian battle plans.

The painstakingly careful excavation work has been done by a devoted team of a dozen professionals on whom their leader has imposed tight security. "Working on the site has become a passion, an obsession," says 30-year-old archaeologist Stylianos Dragas, Andronikos' chief assistant. "It has affected every detail of our professional and even private lives. We are ordered to maintain strict secrecy concerning our profession, yet we sometimes burst with

enthusiasm to let it all out. When we discovered King Philip's tomb, we had to go on the secret for a month. It was sheer agony."

The second tomb discovered in August, was described as that of "a less important figure, but better preserved and with gold and silver items of much less value." The tomb is smaller than the first one, is dated between 325 and 350 BC and believed to be that of a Macedonian general before Philip's time. The greatest value of the two tombs is that they are the only Macedonian ones yet discovered not to have been looted by invading barbarian forces following the fall of the Macedonian Empire.

One respected archaeologist attending the London conference called the first paintings of Greek myths in the wall tomb "superb—the most important find for years in the history of Greek art." He said the gold and silver diadems "testimony me that these are royal tombs." However, Martin Robertson of Oxford University also cautioned, "There is some slight doubt about the date of the tombs. It's not all that easy to be sure."

In fact, a lively "reflexionist school" already exists with regard to the discoveries at Vergina. Professors Dimitrios Karamanlidis and Fotis Petrou, both Greek veterans of less successful excavations on the same site, argue that finding the tombs is not enough evidence that Vergina was ancient. Argos, capital of Macedonia. They say the capital is more likely to be some 40 miles from there, near the present city of Bitona, and that's where the early kings would surely have been buried. "French archaeologists began excavating over a century ago, and I was personally involved in renewed efforts during from 1957. And yet there is not a single piece of evidence that this was the Macedonian capital," says Petrou, adding, "Over this period 30 Macedonian nobility tombs have been discovered in the broader area, every single one of them looted, yet much more impressive than the alleged Philip tomb. It is possible that the ancient Macedonians of Thyras, who looted the Macedonian tomb some 60 years after Philip's death, took everything except the most prized treasures of all? Even the children living there would have known the whereabouts of such a tomb." He and Karamanlidis believe the two discovered tombs most probably belong to the Antigonid Dynasty of Macedonia which ruled between 277 and 168 BC, after the death of Alexander the Great. Andronikos argues back. "It is usually because it was a case of Philip's and other royal tombs having to be particularly protected that such a hill of earth was built over them so the invaders could not

discover or get at them."

Professor Colin Edmonstone, archaeologist at the American College of Athens, rejects the line every heads as resembling Philip and his family or having any particular significance. He believes the tombs belonged to a warrior who was given the ivory heads as a bonus. "It would be similar to having an autographed photograph of the British royal family today," he says.

Andronikos is confident, however, that the painstaking task of piecing together all the evidence offered by the myriad artifacts found within the

tombs at Vergina will finally establish his claims. Meanwhile he has an antebellum supporter in Greek Culture Minister George Pliatas, who has visited the site and who presumably can provide the funds needed to complete the detective work. "We, of course, welcome all opinions on the issue," says Pliatas. "But from the opinions of the majority of experts we are now convinced that what we have are the tombs of King Philip and other royal notables. It is truly one of the most historically significant findings of our time."

Paul Anastasiadis/Gerald Anelli



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On Oct. 16 Bentler Harry Hays is going to host a different kind of party near his 5,800-acre Quarter Circle 57 ranch, south of Calgary. He is most famous for his Sunday morning breakfasts during Stampede week at which hundreds of guests wash down eggs and sausages with a connection (milk, gin, vodka, peppermint...) he calls agribash. The gathering two weeks hence will be a coaling-out party and first auction sale for 150 head of very special cattle—the Hays Converter. The converter has bred them from a mix of Holstein, Hereford and Brown Swiss to convert less fodder into more beef than any domestic breed before them. Hays says they will reach the ideal slaughter weight of 1,200 pounds in 18 to 25 months, six to 18 months sooner than existing breeds. Better yet, claims Hays, the average animal will cost 25 to 30 per cent less to feed, yet will yield two to five per cent more beef. "We think a Converter will make \$100 a head more for the rancher at the slaughterhouse."



For restaurants, the breeding and feeding of the steaks, thickened legs and frozen fish sticks that fill their shipping carts, are of little concern. An egg is an egg, in effect, so long as it has a yolk, is white and a shell. For the farmers who supply the food market, however, improved breeding practices are becoming increasingly important. They are looking to a combination of genetics, nutrition, and advances in disease prevention and pest control to help their produce more and better farm products with greater cost efficiency. The Hays Converter is one example. There are many others.

• Poultry breeder Lloyd Churches of Langley, B.C., has developed a new breed of giant turkey to meet the needs of processors for meatier birds. "Fat Albert," the largest turkey Churches has bred so far, attained a weight of 78.4 pounds—and a place in the Guinness Book of Records—before he died recently, probably due to some dietary inadequacy.

• Ken Bodinian, a reproductive physiologist and director of an Ontario firm called Via Pax Corp., has been helping dairy farmers boost herd productivity by implanting top milk-producers with artificial insemination and then transferring the resulting embryos to lower-quality cows for birthing, a sta-

A small boy dwarfed by a B.G. superlean and cuttable Hays cow, more, more or less

ble good milker can yield an average 12 calves per year.

• By dumping water-bomber planes to spray tons of liquid fertilizer into the lakes where Vancouver Island sockeye salmon spawn, Dr. Jukka Stocker and a federal fisheries department team have reduced added growth in young salmon whose size largely determines whether they will survive between 1975 and 1977, the annual run increased from 50,000 to over a million. "Maybe we can double the commercial sockeye fishery in the next decade," says an ecstatic Stocker.

His surprise, in all such programs costs run high and results come slowly. The salmon project began eight years ago and has already cost Ottawa several million dollars. Lloyd Churches says he has spent the past 25 years developing his mammoth fashions. According to Hays, "it takes a lifetime" to effect a new breed of beef cattle. What's more the returns are generally small.

Jack Newman, an Agriculture Canada scientist at Lacombe, Alberta, is skeptical about claims the Hays Converter will reach market at a saving in excess of 25 per cent. An economic improvement of five to 10 per cent from a breeding program is much more realistic, says Newman. He recalls the beef-also—a crossbreed of beef cattle and buffalo touted to double beef production—to illustrate his point. "The claims of the buffalo progenitors were a lot of hogwash. They lead to the impression this kind of gain is possible. It isn't." He believes, along with many others, that the greatest advantage to Canadian cattlemen during the last 30 years has come from the establishment of superior beef breeds such as Charolais, Simmental and Limousin imported from Europe. But Harry Hays—who had a hand in the export program when he was federal agricultural minister 14 years ago—is not to be defused. "I'm pretty hyped on the Converter," he says. "I believe in it."

Judy Debbie



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Press

The man with the poisoned pen

When Vancouver Sun columnist Doug Collins went on vacation last August he signed off: "May God preserve my enemies. I'll need them when I get back." Collins may not turn the other cheek, but he loves his enemies with reason. Without them he would not have emerged over the past year as

the most talked-about, most controversial, most inflammatory columnist on the West Coast.

The alternately affable and vitriolic wordsmith has become the eye of a

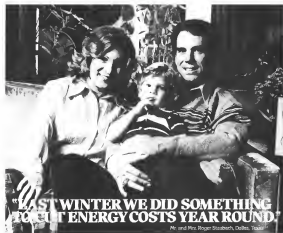
Collins, some of his passions fall into a man-you-live-to-hate category. Not his



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and a storm over racism and the limits of free expression in the press. But Thomas Rights Director Kathleen Ruff recently condemned the *Sun* and Collins for publishing "racist material." Simon Fraser University President Dr. Pauline Jewett was accused to warn in a *Sun* guest column that Jewett could happen again, writing personally that "the seeds of bigotry and racial hatred are being sown again in the name of free speech and free press." And 35 ethnic and community organizations felt impelled to form a watchdog Multicultural Committee Against Racism and Racist Speech. Committee Chairman Rudolph Gili "Doug Collins verges on hate literature."

Doug Collins is a 57-year-old British-born former *CHRY* interviewer who has the appearance and pop-culture style of a bulldog the column, which alternates three days a week on the second front page with Alex Fetheringham, is a new phenomenon in Vancouver newspapers where columnists have generally been liberal, moderate and mild-mannered. Not so Collins. He's a populist ("I write about the things people are talking about") who unabashedly gives voice to the conservative backlash that is sweeping the country, and does so in a sluttish, slangy style. His rageration policy, "racism," bilingualism programs, human rights "baggage," overpaid bureaucrats, moonlighting professors, "liberals, inflexible and professional dogmatists" all come in for a regular bashing.

Readers who love or hate him battle nightly on the letters page, writing about 50 letters a week. His fans call him "the best in Canada" for "telling it like it is." His detractors slam him as "a racist and a bigot" and "a disgrace." Some readers and his chatty-at-the-moment, some send hate mail. "I get about three threats a week," says Collins. "They say things like they'll cut my balls off and how would you like to see your wife raped in front of you? It doesn't worry me."

While Doug Collins has always been controversial, he has not always been a rated right winger. He first showed up at *The Vancouver Sun* in 1988 as a tough labor reporter who helped bring in the newspaper Guild, but he made his name as an aggressive interviewer with *CHRY*'s local *Seven* O'Clock Show. "Those who didn't like Doug then thought he was too left-wing," recalls Len Lusk, now regional director for CBC. *Sun* viewers and CBC bosses found Collins abrasive and he left for Ottawa, where he became known nationally as *CHRY*'s *Wildcat*. Collins maintains it was his Ottawa experience, seeing firsthand

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the mercurial wants of "big government socialism," which made him swing to the right politically. But there are others, such as Piddington—whose misread Collins' swift left-right transition in his column—who suggest it might have gained impetus from advancing age, career disappointments and resentment at past slights. Collins rejoined the Sun as editorial page editor in 1979, but did not launch his explosive personal column until 1987.

Today Collins sees himself as the outspoken advocate of the tough, toughy whom that agitate ordinary citizens but which "liberals consider slightly indecent" and nobody talks about. But criticism he's obtained with rare reluctance. Collins attacked Equal Employment Opportunity Officer Donagh Day's efforts to ensure that fire department hiring practices don't work against non-Whites (She tests, wrote Collins, "in recent little ones recently arrived from Fiji, Zaire—where the pygmies live.") He spotlighted East Indian farmers involved in an unemployment insurance fraud ("Bread all about the racket—the racket run by East Indian farmers and workers...") and another fraud involving Greek pizza parlors. Says Kathleen Ruff, "When the biggest paper in the province and one of the best-read columns put forth the feeling that non-white people are somehow more vicious, are somehow not welcome, I think it's a very dangerous thing."

The Sun doesn't share this alarm. "We wouldn't knowingly inflame race relations," says Managing Editor Bruce Larnes. "I don't feel that Collins is a bigot. I feel he has very strong opinions. The paper has many columns with many opinions."

But only one. Doug Collins, is obsessed with race relations, giving a way at the subject plus a vote, although he does (as one Whistler letter writer put it) "occasionally lapse into good journalism." His dogged pursuit, for example, of two senior university professors who had been engaging in excessive outside work and ensuring university facilities resulted in a tightening of university regulations. But it's as though Collins and the Sun, in hammering away at racial issues, find a racialized need satisfied—Collins to be the center of controversy, the Sun to be attracting readers. And the Sun's declining popularity has been a concern: over the past 10 years circulation has dropped from 300,000 to 240,000.

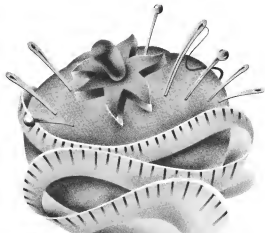
Whatever his motives, Collins seems to be enjoying himself enormously and betrays no sign of moving to safer, less outrageous waters. "To tell with that," barks the mangled columnist, "something is denounceable." **Clive Cocking**

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Health

Diet while nibbling: just omit the meals



ILLUSTRATION BY JILL MAGNUSSEN

While the absolute, barger-stuffed pig-out perfected by John DeBenedictis for National Lampoon's new movie *Animal House* is a feeding style peculiar to the adolescent male, humans (and the animals they feed) are the only creatures who do not, by regular gorging. Animals in the wild eat as their bodies dictate, frequent small meals that seem to naturally balance their weight. Over the last few years, scientists have begun to examine the effects such eating habits might have on man—and the prognosis is not good for the indulgent Sunday dinner. Trials performed on monkeys, dogs, chickens and rats showed the effects of forcing animals to feed like people: these made to gorge developed higher cholesterol levels and were much more prone to hardening of the arteries.

Enough similar experiments have now been done on people to show that if man is not a natural nibbler he ought to be. Gorging quite literally makes him ill. Eating six to eight small meals a day as opposed to two or three large ones may reduce the risk of heart attack by keeping cholesterol in check—a finding to reflect on, considering 68,000 Canadians died of heart disease last year. "The evidence isn't conclusive yet," says the University of Wisconsin's Dr. Dorothy Fragile, one of the investigators who conducted the nibbling and gorging trials. "But we can't ignore the results we've obtained so far."

The notion of nibbling isn't the way to healthy weight control, but certainly not been ignored by those entrepreneurs eager to exploit the booming diet-book market and its cousin, these how-to diet panaceas. At least three books on nibbling have been published: the *Flat Tummy* Slim Diet by Shirley Bright Huddy, Sidney Petre's *Minors Diet for Fast Weight Loss* ("Enjoy six meals a day while you lose pounds after pounds quickly, easily, painlessly and permanently"), and the newly released *The Nibbling Diet* by Stanley Engelhardt, a medical writer who quotes Dr. Fragile's study. A close look at all three diets reveals that their authors have just divided a standard 1,800-calorie-a-day, high-protein and low-carb diet regimen by six instead of three. Fragile says there is no evidence that dividing allows anyone to conquer excess weight more quickly.

"Nibbling's merit is simply that it's healthy." "I strongly believe that nibbling is a good way to maintain or arrive at a weight loss, but to know the three-meals-a-day habit you're talking about a major change in lifestyle," says Dr. Dan Siegel, a specialist in endocrinology and metabolism at the University of Minnesota. "A short-term nibbling diet does no good at all—it's just another gimmick. What we need is a psychological system that will get people to stop gorging and start nibbling."

—Brenda Rabkin



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So you would become a Mario Puzo, eh? First listen to this cautionary tale

By Monticola Richter

As there's been so much publicity recently about prodigious paperback advances for underdog writers—\$1 million here, \$2 million there—I think it might be helpful to get the facts straight.

To begin with, such advances against royalties are rare, except for the bonuses an author gets when it appears to be the new novel in a thousand who wins a million-dollar paperback advance usually splits that sum 50-50 with his publisher, cutting his take down to a still-lucrative \$500,000. He will now hear from some who suddenly remember that they went to school with him. People he has never met will send him their unpublished novels and pronounce him vile if he returns them unread. Relations in the shoe business will phone to say they would have written a better book, if only they had the time. He will also hear from his agent, who will serve \$50,000 out of the pie. The author is likely to come to another \$200,000, leaving the trembling writer with \$200,000, which he will probably receive in four annual payments of \$50,000, making him as better off than your local dentist, though more resented.

It is also worth noting that a far more commonplace paperback advance for a novel in the U.S. is likely to be \$25,000 and, in this country, \$2,500, with the same splits all the way down the line. The truth is, except for a very few, there is little money in good writing for either writer or publisher. Most reputable publishers, considering the average profit margin available on their capital investment in such a risky trade, would be getting better off putting their money in mortgages. They would not only earn more, but would also benefit from not having to endure so many obscene egos. Outraged authors phoning them collect from an airport stopover in Saskatoon to protest that their delusory study of obscure nineteenth-century Ontario, called the book of the decade by *The United Church Observer*, is not on

display at the kiosk like the latest Harriet Robinson—and how come, you wonder? Because? (Don't! Suddenly *out there are about Canadian culture?*)

Every writer not only believes, he knows, that his publisher is working creditably hard on everybody else's book on the lot, but is doing his utmost not to move his own book, which the publisher surely hates. Writers are inclined to paranoia, and no wonder. A scientist, say, and all too easily corruptible bunch, they are thoughtfully protected



from the temptations of advance by being allowed just about the smallest chunk of the publishing dollar and even this much, grudgingly.

Look at it this way. If you don't borrow whatever books you read or get them out of a library, if you are sufficiently demented to buy the seasonal book in a bookshop for, say, \$16, the price is doubled then.

That celebrated risk-taker, the book-seller, takes between 30 to 44 per cent of the money. Furthermore, he gets his books on sale-returns, which means if he doesn't sell them, he can ship them back from whence they came. If he does sell them, he will wait 90 days before paying. On the other hand, he will occasionally have you around for a book-signing party, an opportunity for him to tell you how many more managers other, better authors attracted.

The publisher's traveller, who never reads your book but is paid

him against you, turns out per cent

Twenty per cent goes into publisher's overhead expenses, which includes an accounting staff carefully chosen for their ability to make mistakes in royalty statements, though never in the author's favor.

Five per cent is eaten up by promotion and advertising, this usually means a party, which enables the staff to get drunk and eat free, something no writer begrudges them because they are usually catered. Especially the girls.

This morning publisher managers by telling the girls that they are going to meet somebody coming people on the job, namely authors, neglecting to say that most of them are no taller than five-foot-two, suffer from bad breath, and will be expecting the girls to go to bed with them. Another 18 per cent is accounted for by manufacturing costs. These per cent is allowed for the publisher's profit margin, of which two per cent will be consumed by interest on outstanding loans. The per cent goes to the lovely authors who started it all by writing the book. In fact, readers will note it makes for a total of 106 per cent, which is where the authors come in, riding to the rescue.

Furthermore, in this country where once or twice during his career a writer may have acquired a grant out of the Canada Council, he is considered to be the most contemptible of creatures. This, by totally inept gentle manufacturers, who couldn't function if they weren't protected from foreign competition by ostentatiously high tariffs. Or by censors, denouncing writers for being on the take, themselves. Living in luxury on huge depreciation allowances. Or by multimillionaire manufacturers who are pained with rumors by Ottawa, if only they will build up at their publishing plants in a deprived area. The truth is that most Canadian writers work in a more competitive world than our sheltered businessmen. And the best we miserably competitive, which is more than I can say for most of the data who produce this country's shoes, furniture, and clothing.



Television

You can't take the pulpit out of the boy

TYLER
CBC 9:30 a.m. Saturday Oct. 30

Joseph Thomas was standing in the Railway of Montreal's World Film Festival office when a critic happened to mention that Thomas' film *Tyler*—due to be shown at the festival—had "a great chance."

"At what?" asked Thomas, in Montreal four days without knowing that the



Thomas, coming enough to do the very best

low-budget (\$220,000), 58-minute made-for-TV movie was entered in competition with seven other Canadian films for the International Critics' Award. "I didn't believe him at first," says Thomas "but I checked around and it was in, so I set up some press screenings."

Good thing Tyler was the International Critics' Award as best Canadian feature at the festival, beating out the much more expensive *Abroad Relative*

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Every great Bloody Mary has a silent partner.

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An unassuming in CBC press release: "The struggle of a young man to raise enough money to buy the farm he was raised on... an uncompromising look at the plight of farmers in Canada today"—the film sounds like the kind of dinner that incites urban channel-surfers to play their remote outside like a piano. May be the point. Tyler, written by Madison's Ottawa correspondent Roy MacGregor, is an emotionally and politically charged study of an eccentric citizen—one who refuses to believe the economy is stacked against him, and is determined to take on the system single-handedly. For those who still have such dreams, or had them, Tyler is a moving experience—in large part thanks to R. H. Thomson's exceptional, star-quality performance in the title role.

The film has an Oscarish dramatic quality that combines with the gritty-grit of what present power structures are doing to individual lives. You cry for the characters, for the nation, and for yourself—but in the end you understand much more than you did before you saw Tyler go through his money-raising numbers. The effect is not depressing, but thought-provoking, which of course is exactly what it's supposed to be. Thomson, producer of CBC-TV's series *For the Record*, has taken very seriously his mandate to produce "realistic" dramas that will make people aware of what is going on. "A flood of headlines means nothing," he says. "Something happens out there, not close to us. But when you make a drama around a character, people can look into him."

Thomson himself looked into drama production four years ago. He had been working as a public affairs documentary producer with the CBC and had very little experience in drama when he was offered the job. Born in Inverness, his father was a missionary—he moved to Three Hills, Alberta, at age 13 and saw his first movie when he was 15. "I had," he says, "a lot of catching up to do." He obviously did it. Tyler, for which Thomson was both executive producer and director, is not only a good movie, it should be mandatory viewing for all politicians holding office in this country—maybe any country.

"My father told me," says Thomson, 30, "Once you're brought up to be a preacher, you always will be." His own religious life in years behind him—he dropped out of St. Joseph's Bible College at 14 and "is all interests and purposes lost my faith"—but it seems his father was right. "I don't know why I care," Thomson says, ruefully, about his determination to effect social change through his films. "But I do."

Sandra Perle

The Shopper's Gallery



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Films

A long day's journey into ennui

BY JEFFREY
Directed by Woody Allen

After his vastly overrated *Annie Hall*, Woody Allen could read some New York critics telling him that he was the American Ingmar Bergman. Whether out of glibness or nostalgia, he was, apparently, all too ready to believe them. The consequence is *Interiors*, a film whose unrelentingly bleak as no nothingness as it is result in some tedious, when deliberate or unconscious imitation of Bergman as so blackly overcast as to make it look like an unending parody, and whose plot and characterization are at best inconsistent, at worst ludicrous. As for the dialogue—fringed with such pretentious cautions as "I can't shake the real implication of dying, the intimacy of it, the enormous risk"—what it resembles most is an attempted Atlantic crossing from suburbia to Stockholm in a lead balloon.

We are given an upper-middle-class New York and Long Island family as seclusioned and insular as the fatherly did up with his recently asexual interior-decorator wife (E. O. Marshall) and Gerakine Page, both overacting, and their three daughters who would never directly out of Berg-

man's *Crush and Whispers* except for an occasional detour through Chabon's *Three Sisters*. Bernice (Dianne Keaton) is supposed to be a successful painter now in a failure period, but the examples of her discourses suggest a provincial housewife unsure about which shades to invite. Graham or Susan. Faye (Kristin Griffith) is a second-rate Hollywood actress mostly relegated to movies for television, from which her dialogue closely derives. Joy (Marybeth Hart) flips from quasi-creative job to job, and yearns to be an artist without having the talent, her utterances, though dead serious, seem to come from a Woody Allen face.

Bernice is married to a floundering novelist, now reduced to teaching.

Or are we concerned, and how you play, but for whom the hell rings

Diane Keaton, with Richard Jordan as her husband, no longer for this summer night

writing extremely judicious book reviews, and recommitment. When not drinking and quarreling, he makes unsuccessful guesses at Faye, who serves violence in music. Joy is struggling with a young political activist, of whose activities we see nothing—but action is something the film is even shorter on than tonight. The family is implicitly Protestant, which Allen can excuse in as better fashion than by restricting the film's palette to grays and various understated earth-tones. Pearl (Marian Sklepian), the woman father takes for his second wife, is implicitly Jewish, which is expressed chiefly by her wearing bright red and speaking in overrated earthy tones. The marriage prospects what is supposed to be dream, a stab at action as unrelenting to the film as chlorine soap to a corpse.

As added problem is that Allen, who specializes in having fun with urban middle-class Jewish normals and humor, here ascends an upper-class European milieu with whose mores and language he is totally unfamiliar. As for visual language, we are offered sequences after sequences, frames after frames, out of Bergman—or Amberson—and sometimes even Altman—until we feel challenged to a game of Name the Film. The actors, except for Sklepian and Hart, either have no part to play or play it badly, especially Keaton, whose dailies and kysteins should long since have ceased to pass for acting. In trying for a "profound" film, Allen has bitten off more than he can chew or we can swallow.

John Simon

A small crack at the title shot

BLOOD AND GUTS
Directed by Paul Verhoeven

As the towering, washed-up Mountain Rivers in *Exposure* for a *Monty Python*, Anthony Quinn suffers a



hour's final glorifying—in between a wrestler. His last paraded into a bulldozed pulp and with hardly a stick of farmyard euphemism, he's aged out of contention, so he's dressed as an Indian chief and happily war whips for the thrills crowd outside the river. In Paul Verhoeven's *Blood and Guts*, Jim Caviezel (Brian Clark)—a baby-faced impaling who's such a quick study he's adapted by a wedding troupe—is sold to noblemen as "People King." It's a job, but given time he'll be as pitiful as Mountain Rivers.

Or will he? The movie, fresh as a funeral wreath for its first hour, taking ideas and ambience from *Hot City* and *Poppy*, says "NO" it's a big, fat, re-sounding "NO" and it's what makes *Blood and Guts* moving.

The wrestling troupe, migrants included, makes its career away through small towns trying to pass the time away between matches, which is difficult but aided by alcohol. The old manager, Red (Henry Rollins) in a staggering performance, has a vague understanding of the business, but will stop at nothing to fish the star-quality Jim, another wrestler, the middle-aged "Daddy" Dan (William Bant) gets angry, his woman, Lucky (the married Michelle Lantieri), wonders why her life has been such a humiliating order. When she and Red are gone over by George, Jim challenges the underworld promoter to a match which, if he wins it, will keep the promoter away for good. And already the threat as the *Angus* *Reilly*, *Blood and Guts* has a better that turns that comparison into an association divided by the demerol. The difference between the two figures is that Rocky's war for himself, Jim's war for himself. *Blood and Guts* is about "dark and blood needs flesh and blood" and, despite a lot of beauty before-hand, it sends you out stunned. The movie looks good (Verhoeven is a graphic designer), it knows and shows the wrestling world down to the last grain, and it displays a gift for violent impact.

For that last hour, though, it looks like "a dramatic Canadian movie," with characters balking themselves in despair; it also unconsciously resembles Lynch's first movie—*The Wild Part* *Reilly*, a stage's odyssey through the small-town Ontario GNP circuit. Characters are deprived of identity and, for more than, emotion; they grope around in the dark of a script.

Far from it the feel it has for age, for the dignity of people who have life lived into their faces. Age isn't looked upon as being somehow obsolete, which is usually so. Even the young need to be in some other than their own. It would be strange to think that *Blood and Guts* is an indigenous Canadian movie.

Lawrence O'Toole



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Books

Murder and mayhem— and the CBC dunnit

MURDER BY MICROPHONE

by John Reeves
Doubleday: \$1.95

By the CBC, stripped by budget cuts, edited by the editor, and now attacked from within. First Peter Kost of The National lodges a formal complaint with the crier that the Prime Minister's Office is obstructing news scheduling. And now producer John Reeves blames the radio network with *Murder by Microphone*. Reeves, a CBC Radio producer since 1962 and the author of three previous novels, won the John Deane Award for distinguished service in 1977. He knows his way around a control room.

Murder by Microphone is not, as its



John Reeves at the murder weapon, and soon there'll be none

title suggests, either an updated Edgar Wallace technological whodunit or an

audience reaction story to CBC Radio. It is a satire murder mystery about the death of Henry Muller, the much-hated general manager of the English-



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SPELLCRAFT
by Helen Stollon
McGraw-Hill and Stewart 95/95

Good spells," advises Robert Stollon, the West Coast poet, sculptor and critic, "may, indeed, be bad literature." In the how-to handbook of spell-casting, he proves that reading about them can also be less than magical. He writes in textbook style interspersed with long, dragged-out spells—as any eye-of-newt, tail-of-dog stuff—which, he admits, can sound "real" and even banal... so the causal reader.

For believers, however—"those seeking practical knowledge"—the information is there. Be explicit! Don't leave anything to chance. You want power? Then ask for it as if you were ordering for an automobile car. Take hold of my extruded nose... take hold of my moist nose!... take hold of my exhuming rectum.

Spellcraft is no different than sending telepathic messages and can be learned "by anyone with sufficient psychic energy and power of concentration." But it helps to have developed



Beginning of a witch's spell: If you're into this sort of thing, go all the way.

those powers before you try to cast the spells, and to be reasonably sure of what you are doing. It's easy to rack up... like the spell-maker asked to remove a wart from a boy's head on a

specific day. The day dawned and so did a second wart. Because the spell-maker was resentful because she felt she was being tested, and unconsciously placed "cursewords"—asking for "handa clausa mone, clausa mone." Well, writes Stollon, the moon is "poked and pried—in a word, warped."

Love spells, in particular, are dangerous because the sexual drive—"Thinking of me let her apples be stiff let her love be wet"—and the psychic energy together produce such intensity that it can "cause more trouble than almost any other type of spells save an outright curse." And curses! Literally, don't ask. What a bundle of horrors the ill-meaning can let loose in the psychic sphere which, as it happens, has its own handy recycling process—and will eventually send back to you the kind of vibrations you have sent out.

As Stollon points out, "The intent is all." His intent—to teach the ABCs of spell-casting—should do well as a sophisticated trade book for those who want to go extra precious, without extra investment, into their telepathic messages. No holding candles required—unless of course you want them. "It's largely a matter of 'what-overturns you on,'" he says. "The only rule is that what feels right is right."

Sandra Peredo

speaking network. Inspector Gagnon and Sergeant Damp, two incongruously articulate gamblers, uncover five hairy, hairy suspects—all of them contenders for Muldoon's job. They are a bawdy, homosexual effort of teasing his eliot, a producer who takes kickbacks from free-lancers, the bossman head of the PM network who was once raped by Muldoon and then blackmailed him to let her job, a public relations executive whose wife was having a not very private affair with Muldoon, and a paper-pusher whose daughter Muldoon has impregnated. Their motives are as real as their shticks are perfect.

The plot is simply a device for clever assault on the corporation and our lead-back underground world. He seduces the CBC for its horrible use of the language, its shifting of "culture" to the whims of PM and its recent systematic sacrifice of quality in pursuit of ratings—telling complaints to listeners who remember how superb CBC Radio used to be when broadcasters, not executives, controlled the airwaves.

These were the days—the era of John Dineen and Andrew Allan—when Americans along the border tuned in for a little sophisticated listening. The switch from elite to middle-of-the-road

music and drama programs has alienated the traditional audience, and block programming during her listening hours may have brought us to it. Flipper and Monty Python, but it has also reduced topical content and input, increasingly the regimes are having their programs prepackaged from Toronto.

There's no doubt what Reeves thinks of the apocalyptic centralist approach. He hates it. Everything from poor radio facilities and retroactive censors' food to socialism and the expanded hockey league gets a flick of the Reeves audience wit. But he has no many targets that the reader is lost in a retrospective because that is sometimes funny and campily accurate, and too often peevish overkill. What with cryptic crosswords, footnotes, and sample program schedules, *Murder by Afterglow* is a graphic demonstration of what's wrong with the current CBC Radio policy of short bursts of news or talk or comic sketches up with background music. There's plenty of provocative optimism written by a man who plainly cares enough to go on record, but the punch is dulled by a thug of in-jokes of smart but expendable witlessness that do nothing but advertise himself. Indeed, the game. Not even CBC Radio—unpopular as it is—runs commercials anymore.

Sandra Martin

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- 1 *Crossings*, Michener (T)
- 2 *Eden*, Douglas
- 3 *The Montreal Connection*, LaFontaine (T)
- 4 *Scenes*, Kramlich (T)
- 5 *Kindness*, Shalton (M)
- 6 *Gossamer*, Heyman (M)
- 7 *The House of the Living*, Givens (T)
- 8 *The Mayor of a Distant Venice*, Proulx (M)
- 9 *The Shindig*, Yulish (T)
- 10 *Kiki*, Viter (M)

NONFICTION

- 1 *Metaphysics*, Life, Labovitz (T)
- 2 *The Complete Book of Plumbing*, Flax (T)
- 3 *If Life is a Bowl of Cherries — What Am I Doing in the Pit?*, Hirsch (T)
- 4 *The Reunion Vortex*, Sawyer (T)
- 5 *Students*, Rademacher (M)
- 6 *R. P. Taylor*, Blum (M)
- 7 *Poling Year One*, Shalton (T)
- 8 *The Country Story of an Edwardian Lady*, Menden (T)
- 9 *All of Baba's Children*, Kramlich (M)
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Music

Symphony goes to China: L. Beethoven rides again

IN January-February this year, the Toronto Symphony and External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson made separate but coincident tours of the People's Republic of China. Jamieson, an arm-pumping howling ball of a man, snuck without a trace. The orchestra, on the other hand, was an unqualified success. History leaves unrecorded what Jamieson was doing in China. But thanks to the deft hand and eye of CBC producer-director Norman Campbell, Canadians are now able to get a look at the impish, most expensive, most lyrically complicated cultural exchange in the history of Sino-Canadian relations.

The Toronto Symphony in China (CBC, 9p in Wednesday, Oct 4) is a two-hour scrapbook of the orchestra's three weeks in Peking, Shanghai and Canton. Part (re)catalogue, part concert, the program rattles us through sections of cultural scenes, waxes on flags. Rather it affectionately records—and recalls—a brief encounter between two societies: the one young, ungainly, beguiling; the other ancient, knowing and deferential.

The tour was Canada's half of an exchange (ending last year's tour of the Shanghai Ballet here). It was heavily sponsored by Ottawa and the Canada Council, so much so that a Council mandarin went along on the trip to meet the foris. Logistically the trip was a symphony nightmare: tons of musicians, contrabass bows and wardrobe trunks, plus 100 assorted technicians, reporters and symphony personnel had to be lugged across 15,000 miles and back. Miscellaneous planes were used, hotel

rooms ready, concerts started on time.

Mainly, it was the job of the symphony and its conductor Andrew Davis to re-introduce Western program music to an audience which had been systematically deprived of Beethoven for 11 years during the madness of the Chinese cultural revolution. All of the music performed, including two Canadian pieces, was approved in advance by the Chinese. Davis brought two Canadian soloists, the 19-year-old piano virtuoso, Louis Lortie of Montreal, and one of the country's most treasured cultural treasures, soprano Margaret Forrester. The tall, Juncoque Forrester was an instant hit with the Chinese as a personal level and in the concert hall with her performance of eight Mahler songs from his *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*.

Campbell, who has long toiled in and out of the province's CBC studio facilities in Toronto, faced awesome technical difficulties. Working with a crew of 12, including four remarkable cameramen, he had to make every shot count. There were no rehearsals or setups and no chance for retakes. Campbell's original rough cut of the show ran to 71,000 feet of exposed film. He put it down to seven hours running time and finally late last month to the two-hour show. While he found his Chinese hosts co-operative to the point of sheepishness, much of his time was spent bagging with the bureaucracy. Campbell wanted to film the Great Wall from a

helicopter, something that had never been done. The Chinese never said no. In fact, they barely said anything at all. He never got his helicopter. The CBC mounted an ongoing its own way for everything in China but at times had trouble finding someone to pay John Barnes, the CBC's head of arts, music and sciences programs, earned around a suitcase stuffed with \$12,000 in Chinese currency looking for the appropriate Chinese official.

The clarity of the result is well worth the confusion of the manufacture. The film is exciting visually, and musically Davis and his musicians are seen as hard-working, talented people cast totally into an alien, albeit friendly environment. Unfortunately the film gives more of a feeling of China as a country than the Chinese as a people. There is an interview with Andrew Davis though none with his counterpart, the conductor of the Peking Central Philharmonic. Sadly, Campbell's magic cameras missed the crucial moments in the tour, the traces of anxiety on the Russian-born members of the orchestra as they toured Mao's mausoleum, the twitches of concern as some tour members deliberately asked their Chinese hosts what it was they were eating, and the stunning hilarity of the so-called leadership of the orchestra. These board members, a cross-section of Toronto's Forest Hill-Rosedale households, were treated at the highest protocol level as dignitaries. Some of them knew not Mahler but Mahler was Reinhold Hoffmann from Reinhold. The wrong here of the piece is David Knight, the film's editor, who did not go to China but somehow managed to extract from the thousands of feet of film precisely the right shots.

Ultimately the film belongs to Campbell. But it is his particular genius that whatever his work teaches—whether music, or ballet, or China—in the end we are part of it, too. **Nicholas Karig**



A Peking Philharmonic player shows off his Chinese claret to the TS.



Rauschenberg and 'Crystal View', portrait of the artist as a younger young man

Art

Revolutionary for the hell of it

At a recent press conference in the Vancouver Art Gallery to introduce a show of 34 new works by the American painter Robert Rauschenberg, the artist himself sat with a body band wrapped around a heavily-wound tumbler of Jack Daniels bourbon, reclined in a white dolly. Squinting into the strobe lights of the photographers and sweeping his free hand around the room, he drawled, "It was my sense of humor that brought y'all this show." Then, leaning over towards the technocratic sleekness of VAG director Luke Bombard, he stage-whispered, "you don't think that was the wrong thing to say, do you?" And laughs with the snail of a pickup truck owner.

This is Rauschenberg's first major show in Canada (through Oct. 29), and the first time the work of the 52-year-old artist was critic maligned: the infant-terrible of North American criticism has been presented in a public gallery anywhere. Nine of the 34 works—"combines," assemblages of loosely peels, tires and founds highlighted by whimsical box-like constructions and playful combinations of graphic images—were unveiled in the two months preceding the opening during a frantic road-the-clock session in Rauschenberg's airy and chaotic studio in Captiva Island, near Fort Myers in western Florida. The resulting show is a coop for Denver Reinhold and his

festy VAG staff. After a long period of struggle and obscurity, Rauschenberg is now recognized as one of the major influences on American contemporary art. His lyrical paintings and constructions now command stellar prices with recent prints selling for \$4,000 and the 1982 combine-collage *Boys* worth more than \$500,000. In 1979, to honor the U.S. Bicentennial, Washington's Smithsonian

institution mounted a Rauschenberg retrospective.

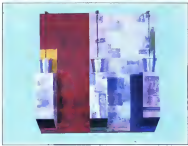
The current Vancouver show grew out of Rauschenberg's active energies and a touch of mortality following the massive Smithsonian retrospective (which scored the U.S. staff early this year "with all the pomp and circumstance," wrote Rauschenberg, "you'd expect at a funeral").

When Reinhold (whose the artist had met previously in Los Angeles) suggested a Vancouver Art Gallery show consisting of older completed work, Rauschenberg, out of control and a bit of it, suggested a show of all new work. A delighted Reinhold agreed and the result is light-hearted, even flippant, work such as *Solar Tribune Jr.*—three polychrome buckets, lit with suspended and colored light bulbs against an intricate background of transferred magazine images, or *Credit Blame*, a well-used recovery quilt shined by rectangles of brilliant red and yellow.

Rauschenberg maintains that fate is a misnomer in his work ("if there isn't fear when I start painting, something isn't right"), but it is well-dashed in person. Deceptively small, a hint of his grandmother's cherubic heritage in his cheekbones, Rauschenberg is ruggedly tanned and green to straight-legged blue jeans and heavy black goggles pushed to a beet-coat above his ears. His career has been as wonderfully quixotic as his work—appropriate for an artist said to apply the joy of art.

Born into a poor family in Port Arthur, Texas (where only other famous

"Solar Tribune Jr." the title is obvious



native, Javis Joplin, he admired and drank all night with 60 hours before she died), he began drawing late in life, tending into the famous Black Mountain College in North Carolina (founding studies for various aspects of the American avant-garde) in 1948. While there he studied under the tough German formalist Josef Albers. "He was my most important influence," Rauschenberg says, "but not, I think, the best my work."

After an initial 1950 show in New York which failed to sell a single painting, Rauschenberg created his first notable in 1962 by having the same to enter a 64 Rooming drawing and music the involved revision. After working in stage design for dancer Merce Cunningham and composer John Cage, Rauschenberg won the 1964 Grand Prize at the prestigious Venice Biennale. The prize bestowed imprimatur on earlier Rauschenberg work—delivered one of the most notorious being the 1969 *Moscow*, a stuffed sperm goat with a black tire around its middle.

In the '60s he turned to graphics, sculpture, lithography, incorporating the brush case, bed sheets and detritus of his life with staggering speed and invention. "The volume and variety of his output rivals Picasso," says Walter Hopps, Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts curator of 20th-century painting.

In 1971, he moved himself and his young helpers (currently four in Florida and two in New York) to his 32-acre studio-estate in Captiva (then where he estimates his ultimate project, such as *Change*, his, (and recently *Change West*) which helps down-and-out quilters with small loans. A national world tour of new and old work is planned for 1981. Doubt-born Reinhold, a free-lance capacity, will act in a consultative role for the tour. Not surprisingly, the tour will begin in Vancouver.

"We guide ourselves as being aggressive," says Reinhold. "You have to seek out artists." The VAG's permanent collection of some 2,000 pieces, in small compared to some other Canadian institutions. But this is compensated by an exhibition budget proportionately higher than any other museum: \$250,000 of a \$1-million annual budget. As for Rauschenberg: "He's surreal," says Reinhold, "and with our emphasis on modern art it was almost necessary to bring him here."

In the surreal Rauschenberg, a self-described racist, mellowing is middle age? He shops Jack Daniels on the in-door-outdoor carpeting of the gallery and dispense any such foolish notion. "It's not safe grounds that are interesting, it's dangerous ones. Good art's got to have threat," he'll say.

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He marks not that you won or lost but how you misplayed the game

By Alan Fotheringham

Do you ever get the impression that the owner of the Toronto Argonauts is running the country? There is, in the general incompetence of the gang that couldn't govern straight, a distant similarity to the country's favourite football team: Pierre Trudeau shares many attributes with Bill Hodgson. They've both cornered the market on money—Trudeau as the confused dispenser of our tax dollars and Hodgson as proprietor of Canada's richest football franchise—and both seem to have trouble getting to the door without tripping over the rug.

Hodgson is a caricature of the capricious new sports mogul who has a new toy but doesn't quite know how to wind it up. He possesses enough smarts to have made himself a million dollars while also owning the emotional maturity of a seven-year-old. He would do well in Ottawa.

A student of serious humor doesn't know these days whether to turn first to the sports pages and the Argos or the heavy political stuff. Hodgson, who fires coaches faster than a chain gun, after firing the horrible Lou Chabot confessed that perhaps he made a mistake in firing Russ Jackson, the coach he fired before he fired Chabot. With hindsight like this, you sometimes wonder what type of man is required to become a millionaire. The new minister has the same problem. He too worries whether he did the right thing in getting rid of his star John Turner is the Russ Jackson of politics (John has better eyes but Russ has the teeth. The major difference is that Russ doesn't write newspaper columns).

This brings up the next Liberal problem. Mr. Trudeau, with his flexible, adjustable, reasonable political principles flying all over the shop, is in such danger throughout the warring land that the Liberal faithful would like to find some way to tell him to leave off before spring election so they can't salvage their own precious souls. The problem is they can't find a formula. The PM has

claimed that he devoted his own recipe for spicing himself two senior ministers called MacDonald and Lalonde were to bring him the five news. And you know what happened to Don MacDonald. He volunteered to string himself into the system once that is still astounding from overseas by ministers leaving the cabinet. And Marc Lalonde wouldn't tell Trudeau bad news if the taffs of the PM's morning staff were on fire.

Mr. Turner—just when the country is



longing for a sound, discreet, capable man of judgment—blows his copybook once again by giving in to typewriter envy and distributing schoolgirl gossip in a newsletter to some of the largest corporations in the land, all of whom own Xerox machines. The last news Turner did this, he spent his month before the Premier Club in Toronto and expressed shock when he saw his wooden in print, saying he thought he was speaking of the record. Since there were several hundred operators and one reporter present, the question may be not so much about Turner's judgment as his oversight.

This time, the new Deep Throat of the Natural Governing Party reveals the astounding news that the election will be won in Ontario and B.C. and that the Liberals are solid in Quebec. Any more national soap-like that and the entire press gallery may have to resign in shame and take up chicken-farming

The Turner Papers also buried that Eugene Weldon is "dissented" by Quebec farmers, which is Argonaut-appropriate, since his job is to get along with farmers. Energy Minister Alain Giguère "in general" proved to lack the confidence of the PM, which explains why Trudeau refuses to fire him. Jack Horner, who was acquired by the Liberals in a straight trade (we'll trade you your loyalty for a cabinet seat) so as to capture the hearts of Albertans, is spending "90 per cent of his time" trying to get re-elected and can't learn his job as trade minister. For a guy who wants to be prime minister, Turner is either going to have to contract lobbyists or get his nose in the shredder.

Meanwhile, the cabinet blunders on, resembling on most days the Argos backfield on a misty-up Sunday afternoon. After Otto Lang, the minister in charge of justice, transport, wheat, minerals and unexcused absence, suggested that... though he is against hating himself—the voters should be given a chance to overturn the cabinet's decision to abolish capital punishment. When he finished his statement, Lang's aides had to sit a conference so

extreme him from the post-hole shape he had assumed. The PM, who appointed Jean Chrétien as the first French-Canadian finance minister, has now decided he wants a German instead and picked Helmut Schmidt as successor. Hodgson keeps bringing in superstitious like Anthony Davis and Terry McElduff and nothing changes in the fortunes of the Argos. Trudeau tries the same, relying on such as Dr. John Evans and Maurice Borge, but there's some question whether they can return the puts. There is Bryce Mackenzie, the political equivalent of a Chinese meal. Two months after being elected somewhere, he wants to run somewhere else. Let's do it. Recharge the entire Liberal cabinet for the Argos backfield. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that it is a good idea. Bill Hodgson for PM! It's right into the current mood in Ottawa.

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